

TWENTY PAGES.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE LICK MONUMENT TO CALIFORNIA TO BE ERECTED IN FRONT OF THE NEW CITY HALL, SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 227.]

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

W. J. ARKELL.

RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

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Our next amateur and professional photographic contests. See particulars on page 237.

The following entries have been made in our Photographic Contest for the week ending October 20th, 1890:

R. Arnold, 405 East 75th Street, New York City; John C. N. Gilbert, 543 Manhattan Avenue, New York City; McLoon & Crockett (professionals), Rockland, Me.; F. H. Norton, 228 West 52d Street, New York City; M. Fortescue, 57 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Robert D. Sower, Haddonfield, N. J.; G. C. Poundstone, Grand Ridge, Ill.; Thomas J. Mathews, Grayville, Ill.; E. M. Harter, Toledo, Ohio; Miss Jane A. Jaquith, 289 West 9th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio; Fred M. Varney, Doon, N. H.; George B. Ingersoll, Beloit, Wis.; Miss Fannie Brazee, Portland, Oreg.; Mrs. Claud Gatch, Salem, Oreg.; Albert R. Chamberlain, 16 Colony Street, Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. Ella G. Putnam, Denver, Col.; E. C. Downer, Zanesville, Ohio.

WE shall publish in next week's issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a striking article on the negro question, from a Southern woman, Mrs. Belle Hunt Shortridge, of Texas. The writer exhibits in the treatment of this subject profound feeling, with earnest and positive conviction, and, while her views will not be generally accepted by the North, they will be found worthy of consideration because they undoubtedly voice the sentiment of a large majority of the Southern people.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

WHATEVER demand for prophecy as to woman's future the past may have held, to-day has small need of it, and to-morrow will have less. For all women, the world over, life holds a promise unknown to any generation, and the twentieth century, whose dimly rounded sphere even now moves on toward fullness of light, carries with it the hope and fulfillment of all dreams of the past.

Here is certainty, yet the student of human life, to whom at moments a thousand years seem but a day, in any backward look finds a day as a thousand years, and marvels, not so much at the dragging pace as at any pace at all.

For if real search begins, and this past is weighed and measured; if the true story of human struggle is told, with the slow unfolding and evolution of the human soul, there is always the sense of a miracle, and the acceptance of all the ages as the necessity for a growth, in which a century counts hardly more than the moment of to-day.

With this evolution we have naught to do, save as thought must for an instant return to it before any present estimate becomes possible. It is the American woman's background that concerns us. It is her past that is foundation for the future on the way.

The English woman of that seventeenth century in which the story of the republic begins was a composite production. Anglo-Saxon and Norman traits still battled together for supremacy, though Puritanism had taken both in charge, and hidden nature behind a mask of its own. The transfer to American soil simply shifted the scenes, but for long, made no alteration in facts. From the beginning of American life, two distinct types were always hers. The Puritan led—the Puritan in whom every impulse had been repressed and schooled; whose sense of beauty in art and literature had been stifled or rooted out as the work of the enemy of souls himself, and whose life was bounded by duty, with small margin for human love or human desire. Painful, minute observance; rigid obedience to law; unswerving fidelity to a principle, was the life of our New England foremothers, who spun and wove, and cared for their households with a zeal which knew no flagging, and had few ambitions beyond.

One, was common to man and woman alike. The colony which before the tree-stumps were brown in its fields had founded a college regarded learning as a prize second only to godliness, and the New England mother, as she rocked the cradle, saw already the gown and bands, which meant the highest attainment mortal could know. The voice of one mother has come down to us in an old chronicle of those early days: "Child, if God make thee a good Christian and a good scholar, thou hast all that thy mother ever asked for thee."

This was the Puritan woman, narrowing year by year, and year by year more incapable of comprehending that on the same continent, under the same sky, breathing the same air, the cavalier on Virginia soil had sought and found equal rights. For them faith in beauty and joy, and the delight of living had never been quenched, and their women shivered as they thought of the North, and the lives as barren as the New England hill-sides, and counted their owners an alien people.

Farther south, the Spaniard and the Frenchman had already set their seal, and dark-eyed, soft-voiced creoles added another type to the sharply defined ones already in possession.

So the years went, and as the Saxon love of dominion and possession drove its owners always before it, advance guards from south and north met in the west, the angles of the last softened by the curves of the first, till a new people, bearing the traits of both, had sprung up and lived a life freer than had been possible to either. Invention, fertility of resource, adaptativeness to conditions, and always the outreach for something better, had

added themselves to the sturdy English qualities. Climate and condition worked together. That subtle "added drop of nervous fluid" stirred in American blood and sharpened American perception; tingled in the child, and urged the mother to ever more strenuous effort to give it the "chance" often denied herself.

These were the forces slowly preparing for the work to come, but unconscious of its nature or need. Old traditions were strong and still held the eyes from seeing. Women were counted the natural enemies of women. It was denied that they could ever work together; certainly never in wider sphere than that offered by the sewing-circle or the missionary society. Women themselves repeated the old formula, and eyed suspiciously the few who affirmed that such faith was part of the old bondage, and that larger life was on the way. Fight as they might, it was already here. A thousand forces unknown to the Old World worked in the New. In the sharp struggle with hard conditions grosser forms fell away, and the new ideal showed its true shape. Dominated as it might be by partisanship and all lower passions of political life, the thought that had made the Republic lived and strengthened, and women breathed it, first insensibly, then with yearning to make it consciously and actively their own.

For any struggle toward something higher is always the full proportion of error, blunder, stupidity, and temporary failure which makes up human life. It is within a compass of hardly more than fifty years that all the new forms and necessities for woman's work have defined themselves. It is not a generation since trades of all orders became open to women, and far less than this before this could be said to be true for all who sought. The higher education is of to-day. The flood of new life has poured in silently; so silently that many a Philistine still believes it can be forced backward, and clamors for a return to old methods and the good old times. Its surface holds froth and foam and driftwood, and navigation is often uncertain; but underneath all commotion is the deep sea whose depths we have but begun to sound, and whose treasures are for all the nations.

Admit that this is a transition time; admit that a thousand crudities are still with us, and that there may even be need of retreat from some of the positions taken to-day, it is still certain that the American woman points the way that all women must tread. Already she represents a type higher than the world, save here and there an instance, has ever known. She has learned to work with other women in generous rivalry. She has measured her own powers; knows where she lacks, and is seeking honestly and earnestly to develop each one to its highest. The sense of beauty, denied by the Puritan, has been born, and she is learning all secrets of form and color, and laying the foundation for art, which is the heritage from the past, and which, with liberty for its soul, has before it a future of which as yet we may but dream. Through every shock of prejudice, every changing creed, every falling away of old shackles of law and custom, the larger life shows its face divinely fair, and, by that divinity, compelling the worship women give. Under all the materialism of the age strange spiritual forces are at work, and even the most sluggish feel their power. It is no longer question of man against woman, or woman against man. Side by side, eternally unlike yet eternally equal, the two walk together, the same hope and the same goal for each.

To no woman on earth is there the same opportunity or the same hope. It is the spirit of liberty that moves in her, and that opens the door for every captive woman. The hope of the wide world is here and in the hands of women. The light of the world is here, and the torch is held by a woman, whose voice, full and sweet, speaks the word of present and future:

"Justice is mine, and it grows by loving, changing the world like the circling sun;
Evil recedes from the spirit's proving, as mist from the hollows when night is done.
I am the test, O silent toilers, holding the scales of error and truth;
Proving the heritage held by spoilers from hard hands empty and wasted youth.
Hither, ye blind, from your futile banding; know the rights and the rights are won;
Wrong shall die with the understanding; one truth clear, and the work is done.
Hither, ye weary ones and breathless, searching the seas for a kindly shore,
I am Liberty! patient, deathless, set by Love at the nation's door."

Helen Campbell

THE SOCIALIST CONGRESS.

IT is the custom of many American newspapers to class socialists with anarchists and communists. The recent socialist congress at Halle, perhaps the most representative gathering of its kind in recent times, demonstrated that the purpose of foreign socialists, at least, is not at all communistic. It was plainly manifested that the object of socialistic organization abroad is to aid and protect the interests of workingmen, and the congress decided, by an overwhelming vote, to seek to obtain this object only through the enactment of laws by Parliament.

The spread of socialism abroad has been phenomenal. As a result of this organized movement of workingmen for political purposes it has secured representatives in the legislative bodies of England, Germany, France, and Austria. It has led, notably in Germany, to the enactment of beneficent legislation for the protection of the interests of workingmen and women, and has on the whole exerted a good influence. More than this, it has antagonized the spirit of communism and anarchy developed by more thoughtless and rabid labor leaders. The socialistic movement abroad is therefore sanctioned and approved by thoughtful men, and is altogether a different affair from what is known by the same name in the United States.

Abundant evidences exist of a suppressed spirit of revolt against existing monarchical governments abroad, and the leaven of socialism is doing a work the results of which cannot be foreseen, and dare hardly be predicted. It was a fear of, or a respect for, the socialistic element that led the young German Emperor to adopt an extraordinary course in reference to labor legislation. His concessions to the socialists amazed the people of Europe. It has always been said that concessions to popular movements

simply augment their demand for further compromises. As it has been in the past, so it must be in the future, and there are hundreds who see in the rapid growth of socialistic tendencies and the compact organization of this wide-spread movement on the part of workingmen, the creation and development of a power that will eventually, perhaps within a few years, make itself distinctly felt throughout Europe.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECHES.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S trip to St. Louis has decidedly strengthened him with the people. His speeches were a revelation of his versatility, his eloquence, his tact, and his profound conception of the needs of the American people.

His extraordinary readiness of speech was shown by the fact that during a single day he made thirteen addresses, all of them bristling with new thoughts expressed in the choicest language, though they must have been mainly extemporaneous. The speech that attracted the largest audience, and perhaps the greatest attention, was delivered at the St. Louis reception. Complimenting the city on its growth and prosperity, he alluded to the fact that the time must come when the trunk lines of railway communication would not only extend to the seaboard at the East, but would run north and south, connecting St. Louis with the great ports of commerce and deep harbors on the Gulf of Mexico, thus bringing it into direct communication with the trade of South America.

President Harrison evidently believes in the entire feasibility of the Pan-American railway enterprise, and he touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the business men of St. Louis and of the entire West and South when he predicted that the prosperity of the nation would be vastly increased by the opening of railroad communication with the nations of South America, and the completion of deep-water projects along the Gulf of Mexico, and particularly along the coast of Texas.

The newspapers, for the most part, give the briefest synopses of President Harrison's speeches. All, however, were worth preserving, touching as they did upon topics specially pleasing to the American people, and all without a trace of partisanship. We give a few brief excerpts which our readers, without regard to politics, will, we believe, find pleasure in perusing. These extracts are taken from responses made at Alliance, Ohio; Union City, Ind.; Worcester, Massillon, and Canton, Ohio. We quote:

"It is very pleasant to know that as American citizens we love our Government and its institutions, and are all ready to pay appropriate respect to any public officer who endeavors in such light as he has to do his public duty. This homage is not withheld by one's political opponents, and it is pleasant to know that in all things that affect the integrity and honor and perpetuity of our Government, we rise above party ties and considerations."

"Where else so much of free individual life, where else so much social order as here? The individual free to aspire and work, the community its own police officer and guardian. We are here as American citizens, having, first, duties to our families, to our neighborhood, to the institutions and business with which we are connected; but above all and through and by all these, duties to our country and to God, by whose beneficent guidance our Government was founded, and by whose favor and protection it has been preserved."

"The foundation of your society is in the motto, that every man shall have such wages as will enable him to live decently and comfortably, and to rear his children as helpful and safe and useful American citizens."

"We cannot afford in America to have any discontented classes; and if fair wages are paid for fair work, we will have none. I am not one of those who believe that cheapness is the highest good. I am not one of those who believe that it can be to my interest or to yours to purchase in the market anything below the price that pays to the men who make it fair living wages. We should all 'live and let live,' in this country. Our strength, our promise for the future, our security for social happiness is contentment of the great masses who toil."

"It is very helpful for me just to see you; just to realize that if there are fault-finders—sometimes with reason, sometimes without—that the great body of our people are interested only in good government, in good administration, and that the offices shall be filled by men who understand that they are the servants of the people and who serve them faithfully and well; if it were not so, a President would despair. Great as the Government is, vast as is our civil list, it is wholly inadequate to satisfy all the demands of men; and so, from disappointment, reasonable or unreasonable, we turn with confidence and receive with encouragement these kindly greetings from the toilers of the country, the men and women who only ask from the Government that it shall protect them in their lives, their property, and their homes, that it shall encourage education for these sweet young children, that they shall have an easier road in life than their fathers had, and that there shall be an absence of corrupt intent or act in the administration of public business."

"This country of ours is secure, and social order is maintained, because the great masses of our people live in contentment and some good measure of comfort. God forbid that we should ever reach the condition which has been reached by some other countries, where all that is before many of their population is the question of bare subsistence; where it is simply 'How shall I find bread for to-day?' No hope of accumulation; no hope of comfort; no hope of education, or higher things, for the children that are to come after them. God be blessed that this is not our condition in America. Here is an open chance to every man; here are fair wages for fair work; with education for the masses; with no classes or distinctions to keep down the ambitious young. We have a happy lot. Let us not grumble if now and then things are not as prosperous as they might be. Let us think of the average, and if this year's crop is not as full as we could wish, we have already in these green fields the promise of a better one to come. Let us not doubt that we are now (as I have seen evidence of it in a very extended trip through the West) entering upon an up-grade in all departments of business."

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

A DECISION involving the very life of the State Civil Service Board of New York has just been rendered by the New York Court of Appeals. It was written by Judge Peckham, and is a very exhaustive document, covering the origin of the sentiment in favor of the Civil Service law which finally led to the enactment of the famous statute.

The decision was written in a Buffalo case. A municipal appointment was made in violation of the law, and an action was brought to test its validity. The lower courts decided that the appointment was illegal, and the highest appellate court has confirmed that decision. The defendant broadly alleged that the State Civil Service act is unconstitutional, first, because it provides for the appointment of three persons as Civil Service Commissioners, "not more than two of whom shall be adherents of the same party." The defendant alleged that this provision prevented the formation of a board from one political party, and was a violation of that section of the Constitution which declares that "no member of this State shall be disfranchised or deprived of any of the

rights or privileges secured to any citizen thereof unless by the law of the land or the judgment of his peers," and also of the section which says that, "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law."

The defendant based his argument on a proposition that "every citizen has a right, which is protected by the Constitution, to be regarded as eligible to hold any office unless the Constitution has itself prescribed certain qualification for such holding, and that the statute in question violates this constitutional right." Judge Peckham decides that there is nothing in the statute which compels the appointment of even one member of any political party. It simply prevents the appointment of more than two from such party. He adds: "If it is obvious that its purpose is not to arbitrarily exclude any citizen of the State, but to provide that there shall be more than one party or interest to represent it, and if its provisions are apt for such purpose, it will be hard to say what constitutional provision is violated, or wherein its spirit is set at naught."

Second, the defendant urged that the statute violates that section of the Constitution which provides that the city officers whose election is not provided for by the Constitution shall be elected by the electors of the city, and that therefore the powers of the local authorities to select city officers should not be subordinated to the power of the State Civil Service Commissioners. Judge Peckham holds that under the Civil Service act the local powers are not subordinated, as the local civil-service regulations, while subject to the approval of the State Commission, cannot be made or altered by them.

Finally, the defendant urged the invalidity of the Civil Service act, on the ground that it conflicts with that section of the Constitution which provides for the taking of an official oath of office, and declares that "no other oath, declaration, or test shall be required as a qualification for any office of public trust." The civil-service examination, it is contended, is an illegal test within the meaning of this section. Judge Peckham points out that this provision was never intended to have any such broad construction. He refers to the Test act, the Corporation act, and the act of Uniformity of Religion, as set forth in Hume's and Macaulay's histories of England, and says that the facts mentioned in these histories were in the minds of the framers of our Constitution, and that they intended that no such obnoxious oaths or tests should be made a condition to the holding of public offices.

It has been the boast of the bitterest opponents of the Civil Service law of the State of New York that when the Buffalo case reached the Court of Appeals it would result in an opinion declaring the statute clearly unconstitutional. This was, therefore, a test case. The value of Judge Peckham's strong, logical, and exhaustive opinion will be appreciated by every friend of the reform movement. This will probably put an end to efforts to overthrow the statute, for while it has many opponents, both parties have so fully committed themselves to it that neither will dare ask its repeal.

THE DOLL CHARITY.

INTEREST in the Charity-Doll Exhibition is creeping all over the land. The glow of benevolent feeling which it engenders touches hearts to warmth and brightness even as the breath of autumn kindles a glory of color and light on forest and plain. And already the gracious influence of the Charity-doll-babies is becoming manifest.

"Send me six more dolls," writes a woman in whose home there is no pitter of little feet, no sound of childish laughter. "Dressing the half-dozen you sent before has afforded me more pleasure than any work I have attempted since my little daughters were taken from me."

A young girls' sewing-class has undertaken the costuming of several dozen dollies, and a delegation of "rose-buds" came down to LESLIE'S offices to choose them last week. The sample dolls are grouped on a long table. They are of various sizes and complexions, and sit up in their respective boxes, clad only in the little smocks in which they come from the factory. Through a window near by the sunlight falls across their flaxen and gold and brown locks—for most of the dollies have "real hair," in which children take such delight. Altogether the "samples" make a most enticing display.

Mrs. W. W. Pusey, of Wilmington, Del., writes that the ladies of that city will gladly participate in the work if the result of their labor can be devoted to the poor and sick children in their own institutions. In response we wish to say that LESLIE'S will be most happy to contribute to the Christmas joy of the little ones of Wilmington, by giving them as many dolls as are dressed there, to which will be added a proportion of the other dolls and funds accruing from the exhibition and sale.

The same plan will be carried out in other cities where ladies desire to co-operate upon this basis. In such instances it will facilitate the arrangement, if some woman who is well-known in the community will undertake to receive the consignment of dolls, and be responsible for their return in due time for the exhibition.

The ladies interested in St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, in this city, are dressing quantities of dolls, and doing much to promote the success of the enterprise. In view of the fact that this year's exhibition is the first of a series which will take place year after year from this time forth, all those who have given their efforts in its behalf will watch anxiously for the success we feel warranted in expecting, and can always take great pride in having been among the first friends of the American Charity-Doll Show.

The celebrated actress, Mrs. John Wood, in reply to a request that she will send us a doll arrayed in the splendid court costume she wears in "The Cabinet Minister," writes as follows from London:

2 CHEYNE GARDENS, CHELSEA, October 8th, 1890.

"DEAR MADAM:—Your note just received. I only returned from the Continent on Saturday. I shall have much pleasure in sending you a doll for the benefit of the poor sick children, and I pray it may bring you all the visitors I wish for your exhibition. I have ordered, if it is possible, the same silk that my court dress is made of, and I shall endeavor to have it as much like it in every way as possible. If it comes out very good, I would suggest your having this doll photographed; it might sell and help you. Anyway, I make the suggestion, and wishing you, with all my heart, the best of all possible success in your generous undertaking, believe me, Very sincerely yours, MATHIDA WOOD.

It shall be sent in good time."

Mrs. Madge Kendal is dressing a doll for the show—a great,

lovely creature, with auburn hair, violet eyes, and the most "fetching" dimples that ever decorated a doll-baby's countenance. Mrs. Kendal says it is "lovely," and she is "enjoying the work very much."

Several of the biggest dollies have been invited to Newport, and are now being arrayed in purple and fine linen at one of the prettiest "cottages" on Bellevue Avenue. One is to be dressed by a charming Newport belle, whose ponies won the blue ribbon at the horse show last year.

Owing to the numerous inquiries which have been received at this office concerning the plan of the exhibition, it has been considered expedient to prepare a circular letter setting forth the aim and methods of this enterprise. Also, a card has been printed giving the divisions of costumes, classes of garments, and "points" upon which awards will be made in the contest. These letters and cards will be sent to all who desire information. Anything not set down there, and about which ladies may wish to be informed, will be cheerfully imparted by letter on addressing the Manager of the Doll Show.

It has already been stated in these columns that in order to arrange the dolls for representation in the illustrated catalogue, and to have them in proper order for the exhibition, it is necessary to have all returned to us by the last week in November. Therefore, ladies who propose to assist in this benevolent work are earnestly requested to send in their orders for dolls as early as possible. Do not forget that this newspaper offers to pay for as many dolls as charitable women will undertake to dress, and do your share toward making some poor little children very happy.

ANYTHING TO BEAT IT.

BEFORE the passage of the McKinley bill, free-trade speakers in Congress furiously blamed protection for the depreciation in the value of farm products.

Since the passage of the McKinley bill, these same free-traders on the stump are denouncing protection for having increased the price of farm products.

The cry is—"Anything to beat protection."

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE McKinley bill reduced the duty on lumber, with the proviso that in case any foreign country imposed an export duty upon certain varieties of lumber the reduction should not hold. The ink on the McKinley bill was hardly dry before the Canadian Government gracefully "came down" by lopping off its export duty on logs and shingle bolts, much to the satisfaction of American lumbermen. Score one for retaliation and reciprocity.

OFFICIAL figures of the census seem to show that the cities of Texas are enjoying the most general and generous prosperity. The increase of population since 1880 in half a dozen Texas cities ranges from 145 to 268 per cent. Mississippi appears to have but two cities showing a decided increase, and Alabama has one, Birmingham, with a phenomenal growth of 750 per cent. during the past ten years. On the whole, the showing for Texas is one of the best that has been made by any State east or west, north or south. Evidently its prosperity is based upon a solid foundation.

THE new tariff is having its effect. New linen mills at Minneapolis and other parts of the country are to be built; a French marquis is at the French Legation at Washington consulting with reference to the establishment of a branch of the Le Cruzot steel works in the United States; a Newark pearl-button works announces an increase of fifteen to twenty per cent. on the wages of its employes; the official report on the flour output from Minneapolis says "higher wheat has stimulated the demand for flour to a considerable extent;" and Bradstreet's "Commercial Agency" reports "almost all farm produce is in active demand at generally advanced quotations." Let the good work go on.

SENATOR BUTLER, of South Carolina, has declared himself in favor of the election of the Tillman ticket for State officers, and supplements his declaration with a statement of his conviction that the ticket will undoubtedly be triumphant. Whether it is a good or bad ticket, he says, is not for him to decide. It has been selected by a majority of his party associates, and he bows to their decision as final. In this action, Senator Butler has shown a great deal more wisdom than his colleague, Wade Hampton, who early in the canvass permitted himself to denounce violently the whole Tillman movement. While he may now give the ticket his support, under the stress of party necessity, it is not likely that his earlier position will be forgotten, and if the Tillman policy shall prevail, and the existing oligarchy shall be permanently overthrown, it is quite safe to conclude that General Hampton will not be re-elected to the United States Senate.

A CORRESPONDENT in Texas wants to know if an advertisement printed in a number of newspapers in reference to Helena, Montana, speaks fairly when it declares that "with less than 200,000 people it produces annually in gold, silver, copper, lead, cattle, horses, wool, hides, sheep, etc., exportable commodities amounting to \$60,000,000, nearly equaling in value those of the State of Texas with a population of 2,250,000." We should hardly call this a "fair" comparison of the two States, inasmuch as Texas is not a producer of precious metals. Eliminating these and making the comparison, there is no doubt that Texas would far outstrip its Western sister. We say this with due respect for Montana and its growth. The difficulty with all mining States is that they are prosperous so long as mining is prosperous. We might cite several instances in which mining cities with splendid prospects and promises have shrunk away almost to nothing after the exhaustion of their mines. Has Montana any such?

A NEW element has appeared in the politics of Massachusetts. The British-Americans of that State have united in an association and adopted a platform in favor of loyalty to American principles,

protesting against the introduction of foreign feuds as factors in American politics, and defending the public school system against sectarian attacks. It is said that the voting strength of the association is between five and six thousand, sufficient in close contests to decide the result. The organization has sent out an appeal to all men of British birth, residents of Massachusetts, to take steps toward naturalization, and to unite in the new movement. It has not indorsed any ticket, but its address particularly favors the public school system, and a free and fair vote both in the North and South. If all the good elements of our citizenship would generally unite in favor of reform movements, and particularly in favor of municipal and civil-service reform, the purification of politics would be greatly hastened, and the public service decidedly improved.

ALL the newspaper publishers ought to be grateful to that popular family magazine called *Good Housekeeping*, for pointing out twenty-five ways of making old papers useful. It devotes a column to the subject, and it must be confessed that it finds more sensible uses for old newspapers than we had ever thought possible. An old newspaper, it states, is a good protection against heat, as well as against cold; it makes good lamp-lighters; cut into strips and rolled, it will do to stuff couches and pillows; it is excellent for mulching strawberries; makes a serviceable mat; is used for scrap-books, and for various other purposes for the amusement of children. Thus *Good Housekeeping* makes a very serviceable thing of something that is usually thrown aside. We allude, of course, to the daily newspapers, of which so many copies are printed, and so many hastily read. The pictorial press, prepared with labor and care, does not find a place in the waste-basket; it stands almost alone by itself as a reserved and preserved publication.

SOME of our esteemed contemporaries have given themselves unnecessary worry over the statement that Collector Erhardt, in welcoming the Comte de Paris on his arrival at this port, declared that he did so in the name of the President. Inasmuch as it is not customary for the President of the United States to depute any one except an officer of the State Department to receive, in an official manner, any distinguished visitor to this country, it may be assumed that Collector Erhardt had no authority to make the statement in question, if indeed he did actually make it, as to which there seems to be some doubt. But even if the fact were as stated, it would have no sort of significance, since no mere tender of civility or of courtesy on the part of a customs officer would amount to an official recognition of the visitor. The President is not apt to "slop over" in matters of this kind, and we incline to believe that no great international interest is likely to suffer from anything that any other Government official may have done in connection with this very petty matter.

REFERENCE has been made to the fact that Mr. Joseph Pulitzer has withdrawn entirely from the editorship of the *New York World*, and intrusted its control to an executive board, composed of Colonel John A. Cockerill and its other principal editors, who have long conducted it in the absence of the chief in foreign lands. Mr. Pulitzer came to this city from St. Louis, and ventured upon the effort to resuscitate the moribund *World* at a time when every newspaper man deemed the venture hazardous, if not foolhardy. With marvelous persistency, industry, and pluck, he built up the property, made it a magnificent success, and thus leaves it, the creation of his own intelligent audacity. Whether Mr. Pulitzer is its active editor or not, the paper must continue to be a monument to his marvelous newspaper genius. It is left in excellent hands, and there is no doubt that prosperity will continue to attend it. Let us hope, however, that absolute rest and relief from the strain of daily journalism may bring about the restoration of Mr. Pulitzer's health, and his return in time to duties which he must have reluctantly relinquished.

THE *Albany Express* calls the attention of its Democratic contemporaries to the fact that "the most intelligent Democratic newspapers in the country are beginning to perceive that the scurrilous abuse to which President Harrison has been subjected by a ribald portion of their press is likely to react in a damaging way on the President's traducers." It gives, for example, the protests of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, in the name of self-respecting Democrats, against "the cheap and nasty, carping spirit which assails General Harrison because he is the grandson of his grandfather and the ancestor of Baby McKee." The *Eagle* compliments the President on the excellent speeches he has made, and says that "he was a brave and patriotic soldier, and is now a conscientious and upright, even though sometimes misguided public servant." We have said before that the Administration of President Harrison will commend itself more and more to the American public, from month to month and year to year, chiefly because it is an Administration directly intended to benefit and protect our business and commercial interests. The masses of the people will always approve well directed efforts to this end.

It is the custom of many Democratic States to return Members of Congress who evince special aptitude for political life. As a result of this custom, the South especially has secured the services, in both branches of the National Legislature, of some of the most eminent and useful members of the Democracy. The custom, prevailing largely in New York, of rotation in office results in frequent changes of Members of Congress, and is not conducive to the selection of the best and most serviceable men. In some of the Republican States, however—Vermont, for instance—such changes are infrequent. The Green Mountain State has for many years returned two of the most eminent and useful members of the Republican party to the Federal Senate, Messrs. Edmunds and Morrill. The latter, who is now the oldest member of the body as well as one of the most experienced and sagacious, has just been re-elected for his fifth successive term. Senator Morrill's identification with all the most important legislation since the war has been prominent. His services, as well as those of Senator Edmunds, have conferred upon Vermont fully as much honor as that State has bestowed upon its two most eminent statesmen.

MRS. WILLIAM LAYTIN.

WE give on this page a portrait of Mrs. William Laytin, of this city, whose name, during the past summer, figured conspicuously in the newspaper gossip from Saratoga as the belle of that queen of watering-places. It is the simple fact that this newspaper fame was thrust upon the subject of this sketch, for no woman was ever more unassuming, less pretentious, or less desirous of attaining notoriety.

Mrs. Laytin is a native of New York, and a graduate of Packer's College in Brooklyn. She was married before she was sixteen to Mr. William Laytin, a gentleman of large wealth, which he inherited, and who has never been engaged in business. Mrs. Laytin is of about medium height, with a plump, rounded figure of graceful outline and of dignified carriage. She has large blue eyes, fringed with long dark lashes; a smooth, fair complexion, beautiful brown hair, with a tinge that is neither all auburn nor gold, but a bit of both, upon it.

There is certainly no woman in New York, or probably elsewhere, who has so extensive and elaborate a wardrobe as Mrs. Laytin. At all times she has three hundred dresses, and the number frequently exceeds these startling figures. Each dress is composed of the finest material of its kind, and some of the brocades and laces she wears were manufactured expressly for her. Mrs. Laytin has two "fads"—laces and jewels. She has possibly the finest collection of the former in New York, those she possesses having cost seventy-five thousand dollars; and her jewels, in number, costliness, and beauty, rank among the first ten finest collections in the city. Their value is over two hundred thousand dollars. Mrs. Laytin is especially fond of diamonds and sapphires, and she has probably the finest and largest of the latter stones



A PROMINENT SOCIETY LADY OF NEW YORK CITY.—MRS. WILLIAM LAYTIN.

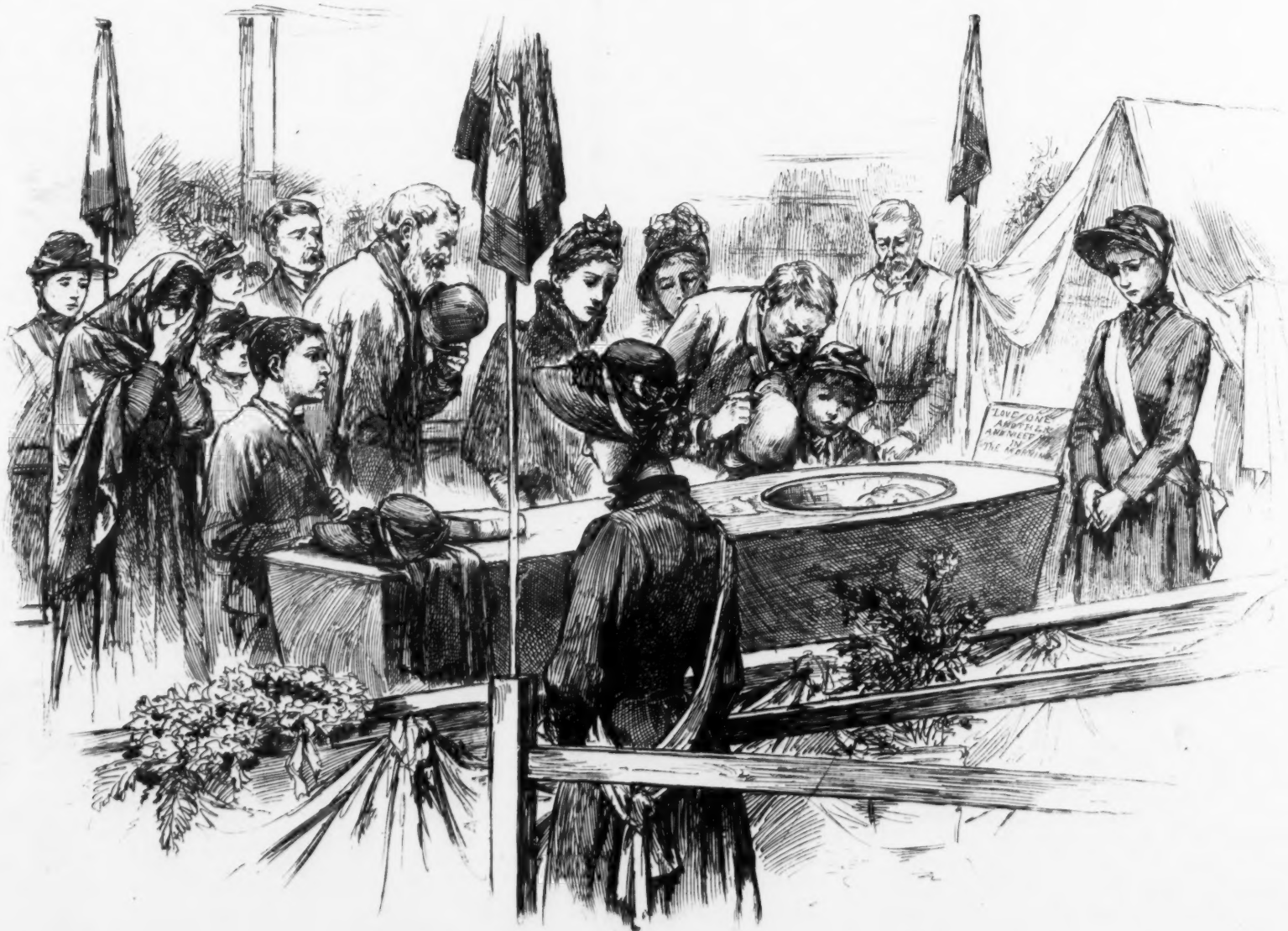
in New York. Her diamonds are nearly all souvenir gifts from her husband, who commemorates family anniversaries with these splendid remembrances.

Mr. and Mrs. Laytin live in great elegance at the Murray Hill Hotel. Their various equipages are among the finest seen in the park. Both are very popular in society, and Mrs. Laytin's gracious manner, her sweet and gentle disposition, her amiability, that makes her see "good in all things," have all conspired to win for her praise and popularity among all who know her. Mrs. Laytin will spend a portion of this winter in Washington, where she will be the guest of some distinguished persons in high official life.

NEW YORK STREETS.

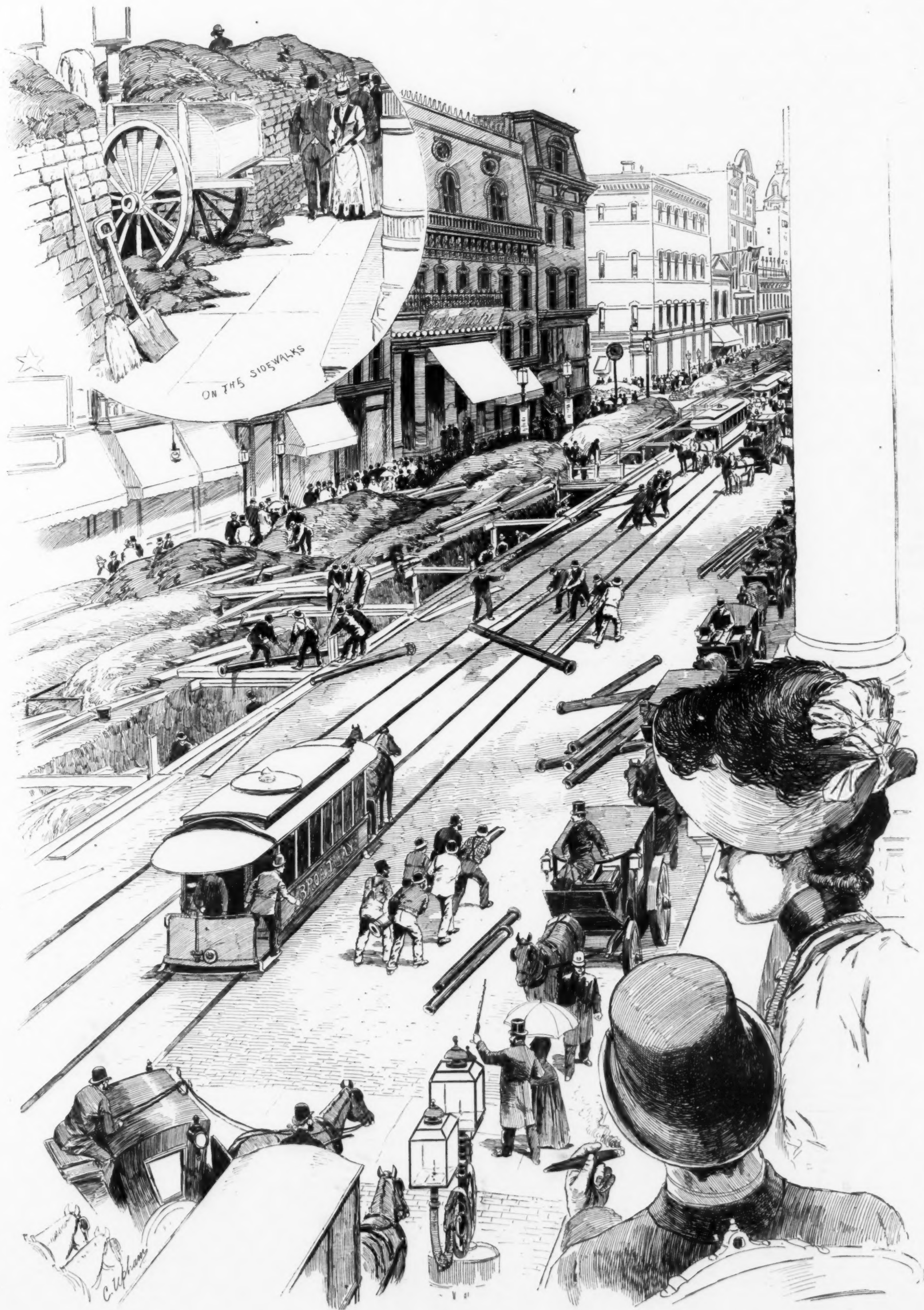
IT is inconceivable that there is reason for the condition in which some of the streets of New York now are. In any other large city in the world would such a condition of things be tolerated? The operations of the working force that seizes upon our streets, upheaves the pavements and soil, and obstructs the thoroughfares are not confined to outlying and smaller streets. The greatest thoroughfares and the best for traffic seem to be the most greedily seized upon for obstruction and blockade.

Our artist presents a very good picture of the condition of one of the central parts of the city—the corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, near the Gilsey House. Here, in their operations, workmen have thrown up mounds of earth like great snow-banks, reaching far above the level of the street, so far as to obstruct the view of the thoroughfare from the passer-by. These unsightly mounds of dirt are an embarrassment to trade and a constant menace to safety and health, not to speak of personal comfort.



THE REMAINS OF MRS. BOOTH, "THE MOTHER OF THE SALVATION ARMY," LYING IN STATE IN THE CONGRESS HALL, CLAPTON, LONDON

[SEE PAGE 225.]



THE EFFECTS OF WRETCHED GOVERNMENT IN A GREAT CITY.—THE CONDITION OF BROADWAY, NEW YORK, LOOKING NORTH FROM TWENTY-NINTH STREET.—DRAWN BY C. UPHAM.

THE MERRY AUTUMN DAYS.

Of merry days of autumn, and are ye surely here,
 With gold-dust in your flowing locks, and silver-pointed
 spear;
 With cheek of burning crimson, and trailing azure gown.
 Beecrowned with yellow sunlight and shod in sober brown?
 And did ye hear the mellow note the merry west wind blew
 To rouse you from your dreaming, where the drowsy poppies
 grew?
 And did ye hear the music when the south wind wound his horn
 And set the tassels dancing in the dewy fields of corn?
 Oh! long before the grapes were ripe upon the tangled vine
 We listened for your footsteps, and waited for a sign;
 And when the rose-red sun went down into a tender haze,
 We said, "At last they're coming, now, the merry autumn days."
 And all the golden afternoon we heard the partridge pipe,
 While on the orchard trees the fruit grew over-red and ripe,
 And cheerily the crickets sang; the nights were cool and still,
 And Aldebaran flashed his light above the shadowed hill.
 And all the spicy autumn herbs sprang up and grew apace;
 The elder hung its glossy fruit in every sunny space;
 All stubbled were the wheat-fields where so late had stood the
 grain,
 And bits of mellow autumn scent were tangled in the rain.
 So, merry days of autumn, we give you greeting gay;
 We love you in your azure robes or in your gown of gray.
 We love you from the dawning of your faintest smile until
 You gather all your light and flee beyond the farthest hill.
 HATTIE WHITNEY.

THE STORY OF A MODEL.

By G. G. SOUTHWAYDE.

I.



IT is no use; I must find a pretty blonde woman, and that at once," said Jack, one dismal February morning as we sat working in our studio.

He was at work upon a summer scene wherein two girls, essentially modern in dress and style, sat idly chatting in the shade of a superb oak-tree, while the sunlight fell in irregular blotches of golden-light through the canopy of waxen leaves upon hair and dress—sunlight so real and beautiful as to make one's heart ache with longing for just such days, as he listened to the steady rat-a-tat of the half-sleet, half rain so steadily falling upon the double skylight.

One figure was already completed. A bright, brown-haired, brown-eyed woman, the pose of whose head, the very fold of whose dress, told of life and animation. If those painted lips could only open, one felt sure the dismal day would be forgotten in the stream of gay and witty words which would rush forth, so naturally had Jack portrayed her. But then, Jack was in love with the original, and had worked weeks and weeks, changing a bit here and a bit there, until not one line was needed to make it perfect.

And the other figure was a weird sight indeed; a fair, slight woman, languidly lying back on a wicker chair, her golden hair catching and reflecting the sunlight in a blaze of glory; but there the beauty ceased, for in the place of her face was but the suggestion of features, and even those suggested a ghost-woman more than flesh and blood. Every detail of the soft white dress was worked up to perfection. The tip of the little high-heeled slipper peeping beneath the dress; the lily-like hands lying so restfully among the fluffy folds of the draperies in her lap; the fan which had slipped from those hands to the ground, all standing out in perfect completeness from the canvas, while above it all stared that ghastly face—for Jack's model was ill, and without her he could go no further.

"I must have a model, and cannot wait for Louise," continued Jack, with a groan, "and I suppose I shall be disgusted enough before I can find one that will do."

But groaning wouldn't help it, so we set about getting a model, and we had some fun out of it, after all. Such remarkable people called in the character of a pretty blonde. Women large and women small; women tall and women short; women fat and women lean; women old and women young; women rich and women poor; women dark and women light; women who came for bread and women who came for larks; but never, oh, never, a pretty blonde. At last, when we had decided we must wait for Louise, there came a little woman—such a little woman—and she was, indeed, the pretty blonde. Not only pretty either, for so modest, so sweet, so pure was she, that each morning she walked into our dingy rooms it seemed as if we were blessed by the presence of an angel.

She sat for the vacant face, and came regularly to the studio for many days. There she was each day, hours and hours; so still, so fair, so silent that we could almost believe her a picture; never speaking unless spoken to, and then only answering a word or two in that silvery voice so peculiarly her own. We were devoured by curiosity as to whom she was and why she came. So evidently a lady, so richly and yet so simply dressed, so free from any spirit of mischief or desire to flirt—what motive had she in coming there to sit in silence day after day?

When Jack handed her her money on the first day she colored almost purple in her confusion, but took the bills and quietly put them in her purse—such an expensive, silver-mounted purse, I noticed; but, oh! so very empty. She gave us no address, and never told us anything of herself, so we could only possess our souls in patience; but I observed that Jack grew very sober over his work, and thought constantly about this Ada, as she told us to call her, when he was not at work.

One fine morning who should come into the studio but Miss Halliday, the original of the other girl in the picture, and her mother. Then trouble commenced, for Jack's very evident desire to shield Miss Ada from any remarks that might hurt her, to make her feel that he considered her in the light of a lady and a

friend, did not please Miss Halliday, who, of course, noticed it at once. Then Jack, poor, stupid Jack, relying upon Miss Halliday's faith in his entire love for her, made matters worse by calling her one side, and, after pointing out Ada's beauty and sweetness, asking her to invite Ada to her home to cheer her up a bit. Invite an unknown girl with nothing but beauty to recommend her, to visit her, particularly when the man she was engaged to was half in love with the unknown girl already? Well, no; she begged to be excused. Besides, why hadn't he spoken of this girl before during the days she had been sitting for him? Oh, no—and she thought, mamma, it was time they left in order to be at home for luncheon. Good-morning," and they were gone. Poor Jack!

But he went back to his work and painted steadily on, while Ada sat thinking with a little troubled pucker in her forehead. In a few days the picture was done and the little lady left the studio. She would give no address, but would call again some day, she said, and see if we had any more use for her.

Weeks passed, but we never saw or heard a word from her, and Jack, what with his troubles with his sweetheart and his troubles about Ada, was wretchedly unhappy. Honest Jack could not deceive, and every thought he gave the little model widened the breach between him and his love.

II.

LENT was over. The great city had again put on its robe of social splendor, and all the belles and beaux of the upper ten were rushing about in the last mad whirl of the season. Shortly all the world would emigrate to Europe, or Lenox, or Newport, and before they left they must celebrate their freedom from Lenten restrictions. With the reopening of the season had come a piece of news that startled New-Yorkers. Miss Halliday had broken her engagement to the artist, Jack Masterson, and was engaged to Mr. Alfred Stirling. Yet in the Academy hung Jack Masterson's picture—his best effort, the critics said—and its fascination for his friends lay in the sparkling eyes and laughing face of Clara Halliday; but unprejudiced observers said its beauty lay in the calm, sweet face of the other figure. And then it began to be whispered about that he had fallen in love with the blonde girl in the picture while he was painting her, you know, and that was why Miss Halliday broke the engagement.

But neither Miss Halliday nor Jack ever denied or affirmed these rumors, and they soon died out; for the world had a more important subject to discuss, which was—Who is Mr. Alfred Stirling? Nobody seemed to know. He appeared at a tea given by Mrs. Van Buren just before Lent, and although Mrs. Van Buren could not remember him, he was so very handsome and charming she was very glad to think that, as he said, he had met her at Bar Harbor two years ago, before he went abroad, and coming to call upon her that afternoon, in accordance to her kind invitation of the Bar Harbor summer, he found the reception in progress, and had presumed to make his call just the same. All this she learned when he called some evenings later, and it was with positive delight she hailed the advent of a "new young man" so desirable in every respect as he seemed to be. Soon his various charms won him a place in the regard of all her circle, and he became a veritable lion. He sang so remarkably well in a high, tenor voice; he talked so fluently upon all matters of general interest; he recited poems of love and valor so sweetly; he played dance music so fascinatingly, or danced so beautifully himself, that all the girls lost their hearts to him; while the staid fathers melted before his choice dinners, given unostentatiously in his sumptuous apartments, and the mothers succumbed without a murmur before his conservative religious views and faithful attendance at Lenten services.

And now, in a few short weeks, he had won the hand, if not the heart, of the beauty and belle of the season—the wealthy Miss Halliday. And so, aloud rose the cry from the mouths of less successful rivals, "Who is Mr. Alfred Stirling?"

But all this mattered not to Miss Halliday, or to Mr. Stirling's numerous friends, and all went gayly as a marriage-bell through the summer season, every one envying both lover and maid in their apparent happiness.

In the fall the society papers announced that a new firm of brokers would be acknowledged upon the Exchange, i.e., Bradford & Stirling, and that Mr. Stirling would probably be married early in January.

And Jack? Well, Jack worked away like a Trojan, holding his head high and going about the same as ever; meeting his old love and her fiancé constantly, and bearing very friendly relations with both. Whatever he suffered—and he did suffer—he never discussed it, even with me, his chum and brother artist. We dined with Mr. Stirling at the club and in his rooms, and both voted him a mighty fine fellow, though I think both of us had an inexplicable feeling—apparently unfounded—that he was not just frank. I know I did. However, we never mentioned it, because, I suppose, we were ashamed to put a groundless suspicion into words.

And the little model? She never appeared again at the studio. Jack wanted her for a picture, and advertised as guardedly as he could, but to no end. Finally we gave it up and decided to stop worrying about her.

III.

ONE morning, late in November, Jack and I went down to Stirling's office to see him about some club matters. Mr. Bradford was in the office and Stirling, he said, was due in a few moments. He had been in Boston a day or two, and was coming over by Fall River last night, and ought to be here now, but of course the boat was liable to be late this season. So we sat and chatted while we waited.

Suddenly the door opened, and in walked a little woman. "Ada, by heavens!" I heard Jack whisper; and surely it was she, but Ada so thin, so pale, so sad, it made my heart bleed. Without noticing Jack or me, she walked up to Bradford and said:

"This is Mr. Bradford?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Stirling in?"

"No, madam," said Bradford.

"Where is he? Oh, where is he?" said Ada, with a trembling voice; "he ought to be here. It is late—see, it is eleven o'clock,

and he is not here. Oh, Mr. Bradford! I am his wife, and I have come to find him. I have not seen him for months, but I know some ill has befallen him. Last night I dreamed—"

Here the door opened and in walked Stirling, but Stirling greatly changed;—so old and haggard that we scarcely knew him. The moment he opened the door and saw the woman, he said, "Ada," and with a cry of "Alfred! Alfred!" she flew across the room and fell sobbing upon his breast.

And this is the story we gathered from the incoherent remarks of these two people so strangely thrown into our lives.

Two years ago, Alfred Stirling, who was a Bostonian, went up into a little New Hampshire town to spend the summer, and there met Ada, who was teaching school. Her beauty and innocence won his heart, and after a very short courtship they were quietly married. But his mother, a proud old Puritan, disapproved of the match, and, before she ever saw Ada, took a violent dislike to her. No amount of kindness or attention which the girl might bestow upon Madam Stirling could win her heart, and she persisted in her belief that Ada had married Alfred for money. Poor little unworried Ada! She had never given the matter a thought. Finally, at the end of eighteen unhappy months, it became so unpleasant for her that she asked Alfred to take her to a home of their own (for they were living with Madam Stirling), where they could be happy together. This Alfred would not hear of because he was an only son, and both of them lost their tempers in the discussion. Bitter words were said, and Alfred bounced out of the house, at last, without saying good-bye.

That afternoon he was suddenly called to New York. Sending a line to his mother, asking her to be kind to Ada until his return, and a line to Ada begging her pardon for his loss of temper and assuring her of his love and sorrow, he rushed off on the next train.

But Ada never received her letter. She was out when the boy came, and Madam Stirling having read her own missive, burned Ada's, and simply told her that Alfred had sent word that he had gone to New York. Of course it was the same old story. Ada, too proud to write under the circumstances, did not; and Alfred, hearing nothing in response to his affectionate appeal, in his quick, impetuous way, supposed that Ada had ceased to love him, and, without a word, sailed for Europe. And foolish Ada, making confusion worse confounded, left the home of which she believed herself an unwelcome member, to seek her fortune in a pitiless world.

It was after battling unsuccessfully many months, that she bethought herself of using her beauty as a means of livelihood until she could get other work, and came to us. She noted Miss Halliday's manner upon the day of her visit to the studio, and so, after that picture was finished, never returned for further employment lest she might make trouble between Miss Halliday and Jack. Since that time she had been teaching school in a small village out of New York, and so had dragged out a cheerless existence. From the papers she had learned of Stirling's business venture, but never for one moment gave credence to the marriage rumor.

And last night, while sleeping, she had seen Alfred reading a paper somewhere (she could not make out where), in front of a large mirror, and in her dream was convinced that some horrible fate overhung him, but again could not make out what. She tried to call him, but was voiceless. She tried to go to him, but was powerless. Then she fell upon her knees and prayed to Heaven to save him—prayed as she never prayed before—and while praying a great black cloud shut him from her sight, and she awoke. The terror of her dream was upon her, and, arising, she started for New York, to find him if alive—to be by his side if dead. "And that, Alfred, is why I forgot my pride, and left my home at midnight to come here," she said, in conclusion.

And Alfred's story was equally one of hasty judgment and consequent suffering. The ocean voyage cooled his anger, and he immediately returned by the next steamer and hastened to his wife. She was gone—had been gone for days, they said; and no one had tried to find her. Distracted, he sought her high and low; advertised everywhere and traveled for weeks; but in vain. She was surely dead, they said, and in despair he left his mother and his home and settled in New York to forget, if possible, in its noisy whirl, his irreparable loss. When he called on Mrs. Van Buren he had not the heart to recall to her mind his lovely dead wife, with whom he had been so overpoweringly in love at Bar Harbor, and seeing Mrs. Van Buren had forgotten all the details, he thought it best to let her believe him a bachelor, and so spare himself needless pain. That accounted for his universal reticence concerning his personal history, and we, that is Jack and I, felt the twinge of a guilty, suspicious conscience. When he met Miss Halliday, her gayety and cordial nature soothed his aching heart, and so he drifted into an engagement, though he was troubled occasionally by the conviction that Ada was not dead. But why, if alive, had she not answered his loving appeals to her in the advertisements? And why could he not find her? No; she must be dead. So matters drifted on.

But about one week ago he came for his first visit to our studio, and there saw, for the first time, Jack's Academy picture. In it he recognized Ada (though he never said a word), and he knew she must be alive if Jack had painted her face within a few months. Off he flew to Boston, there to renew his search. Coming home last night by boat, he could not sleep for thinking of her, for his old love was upon him stronger than ever with the first breath of hope. To see her again! To tell her of his shame and penitence! Ah, heaven! would they never reach New York? Becoming conscious that his restless pacing was attracting attention, he wandered, about midnight, into the engine-room and sat down in front of the mirror there to read his paper; but he could not read. He could only see her face. Suddenly he heard her call—heard her as plainly as if she were at his side: "Alfred, Alfred, come away; come away with me!" It was so terribly real that he jumped to his feet and started for the cabin. Hardly had he left his chair when, with a terrible roar and crash, the walking-beam, loosened by some break in the machinery, shot down from its place, and with its mighty weight plunged through chair, and mirror, and floor, leaving but a yawning cavern where they had been. That was the direful fate which had threatened him, and Ada's prayer was answered,

for heaven had spared him to her to shelter and protect her in the years to come.

What called this to my mind to-day, was the dinner I attended at Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Stirling's last night, where Mr. and Mrs. Jack Masterson were the honored guests. As I watched my fair-haired hostess, I thought of her sad days in the studio; and a prayer for her future happiness rose to my lips in the words of Heine.

* "Du bist wie eine Blume, so hold, und schön, und rein.
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmuth schleicht mir in's Herz hinein.
Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände auf's Haupt dir legen sollt'—
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte, so rein, und schön, und hold!"

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

A REFLECTION OF THE LATEST FUR NOVELTIES.

OF all the temples of the beautiful, the luxurious, and the merely comfortable in male and female apparel, none is more notable in every sense than the fur emporium at the "Sign of the Great Bear"; and as the black grizzly greets you at the entrance, you involuntarily shudder at the thought of the hug that would be yours were the brute's feet upon his native heath instead of being glued to a wooden stand. Upon entering this interesting establishment leopards and tigers grin at you through teeth that will never gnash again, and reflecting upon the noble skin rugs that hang before you, you wonder what would be the feelings of these lords of the jungle could they see to what base uses they must yet return.

Here, also, are found the most tasteful and artistic fashions in fur garments, cut with great precision and accuracy, and fitted with a skill which was totally unknown a few years ago. Seal still remains the prince of all furs, but being so high priced, fashion has been forced to accept other varieties to fill the demand. Alaska sable, or black marten, which is the same thing, is at



Closed.

present an exceedingly popular fur. It bears a coarse kind of resemblance to the Russian sable. It is durable, and the hair is soft and fine. It is especially handsome for bordering, and in the fashionable pelerines, may be had from forty dollars upward.

The stylish seal jacket illustrated is one of the special novelties of the season. The fronts are trimmed with black Persian, which may be fastened up close to the throat, or when thrown open, as the picture shows, lie flat and gracefully, a vast improvement on the average jacket, which, when unfastened, is both stiff and clumsy. The style may be also selected in entire seal, if so preferred. "La Parisienne" is a seal cape, shaped to the figure, with long tabs and a Medici collar. It is all seal, and is also trimmed with black Persian. "La Normandie" is a stylish round cape of African monkey fur, depending from a scalloped yoke and Medici collar of seal. The "Verona" is a close-fitting jacket, also of seal, slightly double-breasted, with reversible Medici collar of black Persian, and cuffs of the same.

An elegant novelty is a jacket of fine astrakhan, with an elaborate decoration of appliqué and gold-cord embroidery, wrought directly upon the fur, down the fronts and upon the collar and sleeves. Another is a most jaunty garment for slight figures, having a deep, close-fitting vest of seal, with a Figaro jacket of gray Krimmer, reaching to the waist at the back. The high Medici collar is also of the gray fur.

One of the richest and most distinguished garments imaginable is the "Alexandria," of seal trimmed with Russian sable. It is close-fitting, with an extra large lap from the waist down. It does not open while sitting, and is, without doubt, one of the most comfortable of the Newmarket variety ever made. It is most desirable for driving, and a very stout lady can wear the garment gracefully, as no other cloak is so deceiving as to size.

Another elegant cloak of the same order is the "Skoboloff," made of seal, with border and cuffs of Alaska sable. The prime recommendation for these long seal garments is their extreme lightness in weight, which relieves them of the exhausting, bur-

* "Oh, fair, and sweet, and holy as bud at morning-tide,
I gaze on thee, and yearnings sad through my bosom glide.
I feel that fain I'd be laying my hand upon thy hair,
Praying that God aye would keep thee, as sweet, and pure, and fair!"

densome qualities of the cloaks of former years. This is accomplished by scientific cutting and fitting, which adjusts the weight of the garment properly upon the shoulders and hips.

A little *sortie du bal* realizes all one's dreams of what an opera-wrap should be. It is of ermine, lined with satin, and embroidered with gold. Another long theatre cloak is of rich camel's-hair, lined with ermine and bordered with mandarin fur.

In the gentlemen's department there are overcoats lined with sable, mink, otter, genet, and muskrat; and in small furs there are caps, turbans, hoods, gloves, boas, and collars, besides rugs, mats, and robes in every form and fur, all in a state of perfection that can only be accomplished by experience. We are indebted to A. Jaekel, 11 East Nineteenth Street, for the information contained in this article.

ELLA STARR.



THE "SKOBOLOFF."

MRS. CATHARINE BOOTH.

THE wife of General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, who died in England on October 4th, had been for thirty years connected with the army work. She began to preach in 1860, and was from the first a most efficient helper of her husband. She had eight children, nearly all of whom are now engaged in the labors of the Salvation Army. She was beloved by thousands of followers, and was regarded by religious persons of all denominations with sincere respect. Her funeral, on the 14th ult., was made the occasion of a great demonstration. All the railways entering London ran excursion trains, and the throng in



THE LATE MRS. BOOTH.

the city was swollen by immense numbers of Salvationists and their friends from the provinces. There was also a large attendance from foreign countries. The demonstration was a convincing proof to the public that the Salvation Army wields a powerful influence throughout the country. The coffin containing the remains of the deceased was carried to the cemetery on a kind of gun-carriage, on which also lay Mrs. Booth's bonnet and Bible. There were fifteen bands in the procession.

GROWTH OF THE EXPRESS BUSINESS.

The growth of the express business in the United States has often been a subject of comment. The *Troy (N. Y.) Times*, in a beautiful illustrated supplement, gives the history of one of the pioneer express organizations, the National Express, founded through the energy of Captain E. H. Virgil, of Troy, and now under the general superintendence of James W. Hutt, of Albany. Excellent photographs of both these gentlemen are reproduced in the *Times*, and it gives the narrative of Mr. Virgil's first experience in the express business. In 1841, when he established the express line between Albany and Montreal, the first trip netted a loss of \$40, and the entire express matter destined for Canada could have been carried in his coat pockets. Three years later it was carried in a trunk. Now the National Express runs from New York to Montreal, with extensions to Boston and Buffalo, through Vermont, New Hampshire, and other States, and the volume of business is constantly increasing.

PERSONAL.

THE society known as the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, recently organized for the purpose of preserving the historic places of the country and erecting suitable monuments, has laid out for itself a very commendable work. It has shown its wisdom also by electing the wife of President Harrison as president-general of the organization.

THE explorer, Henry M. Stanley, will not be able to take up a permanent residence in Africa if his good wife is permitted to have her way. She is said to have put her foot down flatly on this subject, and it is understood that her husband, yielding to her persuasions, will decline the position of Governor of the Congo State offered him by the King of the Belgians. Mrs. Stanley's taste in the matter is rather to be commended than otherwise.

BUFFALO BILL and his Wild West Show have achieved fresh triumphs. In fact, this chieftain of the plains seems destined to conquer everything before him. On the appearance of his show at Stuttgart, in Germany, some two weeks since, the whole city was *en fête*. Not only the common people attended to the number of several thousands, but even the court was present in its royal pomp, and shared the delight which the show afforded.

It is seldom that a novel by a new writer attracts such widespread attention as has been given to "A Diplomat's Diary," which is attributed to the pen of Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger of this city, writing under the pseudonym of "Julien Gordon." The style is certainly original, and the plot is most successfully prepared. Society people will especially enjoy the perusal of the book. The welcome it has received has already established the writer's reputation.

It is reported as a curious fact that exactly a week before Justice Miller was prostrated by illness, his friend General Belknap dreamed that he was conversing with Judge Miller, when the latter dropped to the ground stricken with apoplexy. When the dream came to pass General Belknap was deeply concerned, and remarked to his friends, "I have not heard the last of that. There is some more to come." Before Judge Miller expired General Belknap was found dead in his apartment.

THE pulpit of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, which has acquired a national fame during its occupancy by the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, is to be filled, now that this veteran preacher has retired, by the Rev. Dr. David Gregg, of Boston. Dr. Gregg is one of the foremost divines of New England, and enjoys a wide repute as a man of broad and generous sympathies and a most earnest and effective preacher. He is especially a Scripture student, and possesses, besides, the qualities of leadership. His selection as successor of Dr. Cuyler has given great satisfaction.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, the author of the popular ballad, "Ben Bolt," and well known for other literary performances, is running as a Democratic candidate for Congress over in New Jersey. He is a man of a good deal more intelligence than his Republican antagonist, but the district in which he is a candidate is largely concerned in the maintenance of the protective policy, and being a free-trader, his prospects of success cannot be regarded as especially encouraging. Mr. English is a familiar character in the city of Newark, where he resides, but never goes out of the way to propitiate public sentiment. Being a man of rather decided views as to questions of morals and politics generally, he is never happier than when in a *mêlée*, and this tendency very materially affects his popularity.

THE announcement that the engagement of Miss Winnie Davis and Mr. Alfred Wilkinson had been broken has been followed by impertinent reports that Miss Davis's withdrawal from it was due to the fact that Mr. Wilkinson had encountered financial misfortunes. Mr. Wilkinson, in a very manly, straightforward card, declares these rumors altogether unfounded, alleging that no mercenary motive can possibly be attributed to Miss Davis, who was entirely familiar with his circumstances at the time of the engagement, and whose withdrawal was from reasons of an entirely personal character. "When a lady," he says, "decides to break her engagement, the gentleman has nothing to do but to submit;" and he adds that any inquiry into Miss Davis's motives is impertinent. The public quite generally will applaud Mr. Wilkinson's attitude as that of a true gentleman.

THE Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's Church in New York, who has achieved such wide reputation as a practical evangelist, and who seems to have given himself to the work of carrying the Gospel to the very poor, has the courage of his convictions on all subjects. He has recently sent out a circular letter to his parishioners in which he urges them strongly to give their support to the movement for municipal reform. He tells them that if they would have their prayers become effectual they should vote along the same line, and, while disclaiming any partisan feeling, he maintains that the government of a great city like this is not a matter of politics, but a question of the success of honesty, purity, and respect for the law. There are many other prominent clergymen who are equally active in promoting the work of the Municipal Reform League, and for once it looks as if the conscience of our population is likely to make itself felt at the ballot-box.

It is a singular fact that two of the most famous "hotel families" in the United States became famous by reason of their success in managing the same hotel—the Delavan at Albany. The Lelands, for many years identified with that establishment, were considered at the head of the hotel business in the United States, and at present the Roessle family is widely known for its success in conducting magnificent hostleries. The father of this family, Theophilus Roessle, one of the oldest residents of Albany, died recently. He was a self-made man, and earned the foundation of his fortune—sixpence—by holding a man's horse on the Schenectady turnpike. In 1849 he leased the Delavan House, and amassed a fortune from his successful management of it. It subsequently fell into the hands of his son, Theophilus E., who has earned a wide reputation for the Arlington Hotel at Washington, and is said to have a wider circle of acquaintances in both hemispheres than any other hotel keeper in the world.

LIFE AT TUXEDO.

THE PARK, THE CLUB-HOUSE, AND THE COTTAGES.

THE season at Tuxedo is just beginning. The autumn ball occurs next Saturday night, and this affair, always a brilliant and attractive one, starts the winter gayety of the place. For the next four or five months the club-house, set in the midst of Tuxedo Park, down near the edge of the beautiful lake, will be the scene of a series of balls, amateur theatrical performances,



THE LORILLARD COTTAGE.

and similar entertainments, as brilliant as any that mark the seasons at Newport, at Lenox, or in the town itself. The club has about four hundred members. A percentage of these are cottagers. The greater number are New-Yorkers who run down from town to get a bit of country life whenever they feel so disposed, or when the sports in progress at Tuxedo, or the entertainments there, draw them by an irresistible attraction. It is needless to say that the balls never lack attraction, nor do the entertainments want for good-sized audiences. There are between fifty and sixty cottagers in the park now, representing a population of perhaps two hundred. Fifty or sixty



THE LAKE.

people are always staying at the club-house. When entertainments are given the cottagers throw open their doors to invited guests, while non-resident members come to the club-house with their families, bringing guests with them in many cases, so that the ample accommodations of the club-house are thoroughly tested. With so many people gathered together, all intent on social diversion, the rapid and colorful movement of life at Tuxedo during the season may very readily be imagined.

All the large entertainments are given at the club-house. The cottages are, it is true, cottages



MAN-OF-WAR ROCK.

in the Newport sense of the word. That is to say, they are, for the most part, large and handsome buildings, constructed of stone and superbly finished both as to their exterior and interior decorations. The new house which Pierre Lorillard, Jr., is just about completing, the Ronalds' place on the lake, the house of the elder Lorillard, and the other establishments are all of the same class with what is to be found at Newport. There seems to be no disposition as yet, however, to use them for large entertainments, or to entertain at all except in the direction of dinners and

lunches. The idea at the start was that all entertainments would be held in the club-house, and the house is so admirably adapted for important social affairs that this idea will probably be adhered to.

The club-house is a wonderfully handsome and well-appointed structure. There is a great hall with an immense fireplace opposite the entrance, and beyond this is the dining-room to the left and the billiard-room to the right. Still farther on is the ball-room, one of the largest and most gracefully designed apartments of its kind in the country. It is octagonal in shape, but in some clever and ingenious way Mr. Bruce Price, the architect, has blended the lines and angles into effective curves. The coloring is in light pink and blue, blended in a thoroughly delightful and satisfactory fashion. The ball-room will usually accommodate six or seven hundred



THE WOLFE COTTAGE.

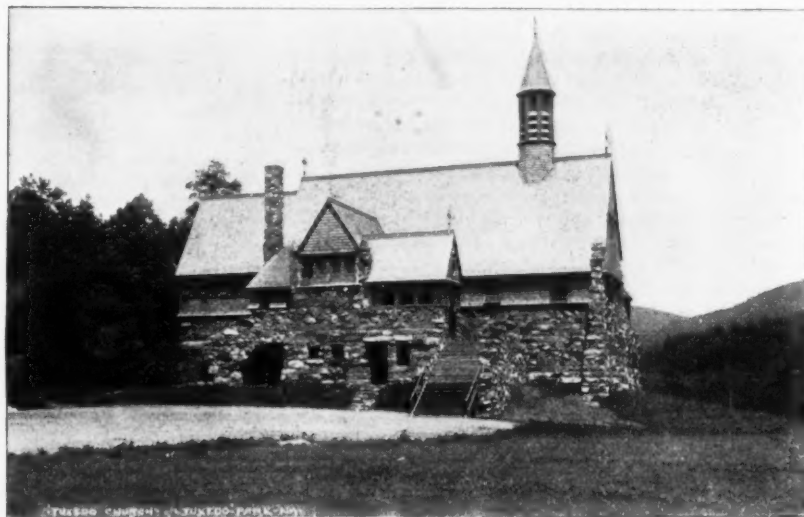
dancers, and when the curtain belonging to the stage at one end of the room is raised, and seats are disposed over the floor, there is accommodation for an audience of about equal numbers. It was on this stage, by the way, that Mrs. James Brown Potter made some of her early amateur appearances, and achieved the foot-light triumphs which led her finally to the professional stage.

The dining-room is a large, well-lighted apartment, and there is a wide veranda just outside its windows, where dinner is frequently served during the summer months. In winter time the veranda is inclosed in glass, and under these conditions still furnishes a pleasant annex to the



THE KANE COTTAGE.

dining-room. The great entrance-hall, of which I have spoken, is perhaps the most characteristic apartment in the house. A long oaken table stands in the middle of it, covered with newspapers and periodicals, and during these crisp October days great hickory logs crackle in the fireplace. The room is abundantly supplied with settees and easy-chairs, and when the lamps are lighted in the evening, and the men and women gather together for social chat, the picture presented is attractive in the extreme. The great staircase rises from the hall to the floor above, where the



TUXEDO CHURCH.

sleeping-apartments are arranged, and these apartments, both in size and appointments, are in keeping with the remainder of the house. With a thoroughly well-conducted restaurant, social diversions of all kinds, and pleasant people, it is scarcely to be wondered at that life at Tuxedo holds

out so great fascinations that the club-house is usually pretty well filled.

So much for the club-house and the purely social attractions which it affords. The out-door sports of Tuxedo, however, are what a great many of its champions swear by. The boating and sailing on the lake during the summer, the skating and sleighing on the lake during the winter, tennis-playing, foot-ball, polo, and bicycling, all seem to have attractions here greater even than they have elsewhere; while the hunting and fishing—and particularly the fishing—almost defy description. The lake and the woodland streams that flow into it have been supplied now for two years from the Tuxedo hatcheries. These would seem to be conducted with unusual skill and intelligence, and certainly turn out an amazing number of healthy and good-sized trout. James L. Breese, of the governing committee, takes a close and constant interest in the welfare of the hatcheries, and they testify to the earnest attention he has given them. There are thousands of trout here in the various races and wooden pools, varying in size from the fry an inch or an inch and a half long, to the big fellows who reach a foot in length and over a pound in weight. Beyond the hatcheries, the lake and the streams abound with fish which the hatcheries have graduated, and it is possible for a man to go out with his rod in the afternoon and come back with fifty speckled beauties in his basket, and in time to dress for dinner. When it is also remembered that after dinner the sportsman may get an evening trap and sleep in New York that night, the advantages offered by Tuxedo over the majority of hunting and fishing grounds may be very readily estimated.

The Tuxedo Club and the Tuxedo Club-house are part and parcel of Mr. Pierre Lorillard's Tuxedo Park scheme. Tuxedo Park is a tract of land on the Erie Railroad something less than forty miles from New York. It contains about six thousand acres, so that the tract is about three miles square. It was purchased a number of years ago by Pierre Lorillard's grandfather, and up to within five or six years was what may be described as an unclaimed wilderness. Lorillard and his friends used to go up there occasionally to hunt over the hills and fish in the streams, and finally the idea of establishing a shooting-box there, or a country club, suggested itself. The idea grew, little by little, and the outcome was the Tuxedo Club-house, the park, and the cottages. In the autumn of 1885 hundreds of men were set to work, and during that winter and the next spring the wilderness was transformed into a park. The woodland paths were replaced with miles and miles of macadamized roads, the undergrowth was cut away, lawns were laid out, the club-house and several cottages were built, the grounds were inclosed, and a great picturesque gate and lodge-house set at the entrance of it. T. Burnett Baldwin took the immediate management of matters, and what was accomplished during those few months must always remain a marvel to those who knew these hills and this stretch of country as they appeared before work was begun, and the next June, when the club-house was opened and the work of transformation was well under way. Of course the work has gone on from that time to this. More roads have been built, handsome stone houses have been constructed, lawns sloped smoothly down to the shores of the lake, and the grounds have now all the finish of Central Park with the additional picturesque beauty of a bolder and more rugged landscape.

The Tuxedo Club now numbers nearly four hundred members. Members pay an initiation fee of two hundred dollars and one hundred dollars annual dues. Mr. Lorillard accepts the initiation fees in lieu of rent, and the annual dues are appropriated to the expenses of running the club. The members of the club make frequent use of its privileges, coming down from New York to hunt or fish and attend the various social events, and bringing with them such guests as they desire. Rooms at the club-house may be engaged at moderate rates, and the restaurant is quite as good as Delmonico's, with prices not nearly so high. Any member of the club may become what is known in the constitution as a resident member by purchasing land in the park and erecting a cottage there. When the scheme was first started, Mr. Lorillard erected several cottages which were rented by the year, the prices varying from \$1,200 to \$1,500. These, however, have all been sold, and it is pretty difficult now to establish one's self at Tuxedo except as a house-owner. Occasionally some of the cottagers rent their cottages for portions of the year, and the Tuxedo Park Association, or Tuxedo Syndicate—really Mr. Lorillard under other names—owns two or three places that are rented out to intending cottagers, so that they learn exactly what life at Tuxedo is before they start in permanently. But these temporary accommodations are usually taken up as soon as they are in the market and can never be counted on. The club constitution declares that any non-resident member may become a resident member by the purchase in fee of any land controlled by the club of the value of five hundred dollars, and on his agreement to build thereon within one year a house not to cost less than one thousand dollars. This provision, however, was made at the time when the scheme was started, and land was inexpensive compared with what it is now. At present, land is held by the association at four thousand dollars an acre, and it will be advanced still further in price when the park contains one hundred houses. There are about sixty-three houses there now. Five thousand dollars is considered a modest price now for a piece of land whereon to erect a cottage, and it is expected that at least five thousand dollars will be expended in the construction of a house. There are always three or four cottages in course of erection, and since Tuxedo has become the success it now is, and become fashionable, very few five-thousand-dollar cottages are put up.

Among the leading cottagers at Tuxedo are William Waldorf Astor, James L. Breese, George Griswold, who becomes manager of the Tuxedo Park Association on November 1st, Henry I. Barbey, and James L. Varnum. George L. Ronalds is putting up a very handsome stone house on the opposite side of the lake from the club-house, and the new cottage of Pierre Lorillard, Jr., crowns one of the adjacent hills. The very handsome cottage erected by T. Burnett Baldwin has recently been sold to John Wolfe for forty thousand dollars. James Brown Potter owns a cottage located on the side of the hill rising from the head of the lake, so quaint in its architectural design that it is conspicuous from nearly all the interesting points in the park.

From the way in which the Tuxedo scheme has developed, cottage life in Tuxedo Park has become an almost ideal domestic

existence. Many men come to New York every day and return in the evening. The distance is made by the fast trains in about an hour. So far as actual living is concerned, and living expenses, there is very little difference between Tuxedo and New York. There is a Tuxedo village right at the gates of the park, and here are to be found butchers, bakers, and other trades people, with prices practically the same as New York prices. The cost of maintaining an establishment at Tuxedo of course depends on the kind of establishment maintained. It will be seen that a cottage can be put up there for ten thousand dollars including the cost of the land, and the expenses of carrying it on depend on the number of servants and the size of the stable, although there is no necessity for a stable, and a number of the cottagers do not have them. An excellent livery is attached to the park, and the livery prices are moderate.

H. S. HEWITT.

LIFE INSURANCE.—HARD FACTS.

I AM overwhelmed with inquiries in reference to the insurance business, but I can assure my readers that I will endeavor to answer every letter I receive, either through these columns or through the mail. Answers to some inquiries may be necessarily delayed, but the replies will be made as promptly as possible.

A correspondent at Jersey City asks if it is not true that the Newark Advertiser has answered the charges made against the Order of Chosen Friends. Fortunately, I am able to answer this inquiry, by reason of the fact that some one has sent me a marked copy of the Advertiser with the statement to which I presume my correspondent refers. It is made by the Acting Supreme Councillor of the Order, and it seems to meet the allegations against the association quite satisfactorily. It explains the delay in meeting one of the death claims, and, while acknowledging that the society has sick benefit and loan and savings features, shows that all this is purely voluntary. In other words, no member is compelled to join either the Sick Benefit or the Home Loan and Savings League.

Conceding the truth of this explanation, I am still unfavorably impressed by all of these secret-society schemes for cheap life insurance. They generally undertake other features with which life insurance should have nothing to do. According to the report of the State Superintendent of Insurance for 1889, the total income of the Order of Chosen Friends during the preceding year was nearly \$763,000, and the disbursements nearly \$762,000. The total invested assets were a little over \$21,000. It will be readily seen that if serious death losses occurred, extraordinary efforts would have to be made to meet them.

I have two more letters in reference to the International Progressive Association of Mansfield, Ohio. One from Mansfield incloses a fac-simile letter by Senator John Sherman, in which he says that the officers of the concern "are gentlemen of high character and standing in this community, who, I believe, will honestly carry out the general purpose of the society, and are deserving of the confidence of those with whom they seek to make business connections." This letter is five years old. It was written just after the company was started. It does not indorse the mode of insurance adopted by the society, and I doubt if Senator Sherman would give that style of insurance his written or verbal indorsement. If the Mansfield association will obtain for me a statement from Senator Sherman that the scheme of insurance proposed by the International Progressive Association is conservative and safe, I hereby offer to print it in this column. I think he will not do so, nor would any other astute, experienced financier.

Another Mansfield correspondent sends me an assessment insurance chart of the Insurance Department of Ohio, and wants my opinion regarding its statement concerning the International Progressive Association. It shows that the invested assets of this concern at the close of 1888 were \$3,651, while at the close of 1889 they had shrunk to a little over \$2,200. These were the assets of the concern, and the percentage of expense of management on the amount paid for losses was eighty-four and one-half per cent., a high percentage, as every one can readily see. I must say that the statement is not altogether satisfactory. I would prefer to take insurance in a company that has a greater reserve and is doing a larger and safer business.

A correspondent at Cohocton, N. Y., asks me about the Eureka Mutual Benefit Society of Hornellsville, N. Y. This is a society just organized. It is a sort of cross between an assessment insurance company and a secret society. Anybody of good moral character may, without a medical examination, become a member by signing an application, paying a membership fee of ten dollars, and agreeing to comply with the by-laws. Monthly dues of one dollar and twenty-five cents must be paid, and members get two dollars for every new member they induce to join the society. As soon as \$1,000 is paid into the reserve fund, the holder of certificate No. 1 receives \$1,000, and must pay a new membership fee of ten dollars and take a new certificate in the society. The second \$1,000 in the reserve fund is paid out to holder of certificate No. 2, and, in case of the death of any member before the certificate matures, the amount paid into the reserve fund by him will be refunded. This is simply the old scheme of clubbing and drawing the benefits. We have had "watch clubs," "clothing clubs," and so on, in any number. The question, of course, is, who is to take care of the money paid in, and who is to invest it so that it will bring good returns? It is one of the semi-lottery schemes of a kind that I certainly cannot approve, and of a kind that has proved a dismal failure whenever tried.

Only recently the papers were full of particulars of suits brought by the members of a "clothing club" in western New York who were promised a suit of clothes each for small monthly payments if they were regularly made. After a few suits of clothes had been provided something happened to the fund, and everybody was disappointed and discouraged. Life insurance, like everything else, must be largely a matter of business and not of chance. I would advise my readers to waste no money in these new-fangled novelties. As my Cohocton correspondent says, "One can readily see that to get in on one of the early and small numbers would be a nice thing, but what about the later ones?" Heaven only knows.

The Guardian, published at Philadelphia, which represents the Order of Fraternal Guardians, again addresses itself to "The

Hermit," but finds it impossible to controvert the facts I have given in favor of the old-fashioned, straightforward, secure life insurance in preference to the modern visionary schemes of benevolent and fraternal orders. The Guardian says that its order builds no imposing buildings and pays no exorbitant salaries. Perhaps not; but what about building up a surplus and attracting enormous business? Does not the Guardian know that just as soon as the death claims begin to increase in the Order of Fraternal Guardians, its reserve fund will begin to disappear and its liabilities to accumulate? Does it not know that the history of all this sort of insurance is full of lessons and warnings to persons who seek safe and secure life policies? Let the Guardian give me some facts and figures to demonstrate the success of the scheme it fathers, and let it answer the facts and figures I have repeatedly given, which prove conclusively that the old, well-established and safely conducted insurance companies are by all odds the best.

The Hermit.

THE LICK MONUMENT TO CALIFORNIA.

ON the 12th of September the trustees of the James Lick Fund awarded the contract for the \$100,000 monument to California to Frank Happersberger, of San Francisco. There were in the competition for this work twenty-eight designs, submitted by American and European artists. Frank Happersberger, to whom the contract was given, is the most prominent of the Western sculptors. Among other work executed by him is the monument to James A. Garfield in Golden Gate Park.

The Lick monument consists of a circular shaft, surmounted by a heroic figure of California, the height of this figure being twelve feet. Below that, in panels, is the history of California from the early settlements to the present day. The pioneer trip across the plains finds a place here; also the agricultural industries of California. Portraits in relief of California's eminent builders find a place at the base of the central shaft.

But what probably is the most notable part of the monument are the two groups, "Mining Era" and "Missionary Era." Each



CALIFORNIA AS "EUREKA."

one of these groups consists of three figures, eight feet in height, on pedestals projecting from the sides of the monument. The mining group shows a young miner in the act of showing a "find" to two others who are engaged in rocking and washing gold siftings. The second group is typical of the early days in California; the vaquero in the act of throwing a lasso, and the missionary attempting the difficult feat of converting the Indian, who is represented lying in the foreground and not over-willing to accept the counsel of the evangelist.

On two smaller pedestals are life-size figures of a bear and an elk, illustrative of the animal life of California.

The monument will reach a height of fifty feet. California will be honored as being the first State to have its history, origin, and prowess depicted in the plastic art. The site for the monument is the most prominent in the city, namely, directly in front of the new City Hall.

We have the gratifying intelligence that Johann Most, the anarchist, has become so disgusted with things generally in this country that he is about to emigrate to London, where he believes that there is a better field for the preaching of his pernicious doctrines than he has found on American soil. It is stated that he will leave for his new home before the end of the year, and it is only to be regretted that his departure is not immediate.



1. THE NORTH CAPE. 2. HAMMERFEST, THE MOST NORTHERLY TOWN IN THE WORLD. 3. A FAMILY GROUP. 4. A MOUNTAIN ROAD.

A TRIP TO THE "LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN."—SCENES IN NORWAY.—FROM PHOTOS SUPPLIED BY D. W. BAKER.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

A TRIP TO THE NORTH CAPE.

OUR North Cape journey proper commenced at Christiania, where we took steamer for Bergen, skirting the bleak and rocky shores of Norway for the whole distance. A bleaker shore can scarcely be imagined—bare walls of naked rock—but wherever earth enough for a hen to scratch in is to be found, there is a house, perhaps a village. Any people who can win a livelihood from such a soil deserve to live long in this world to enjoy that which has been gained at the cost of such patient industry.

Bergen we found to be a quaint but busy town, as its trade is largely in fish—some portions of it have an ancient and fish-like odor not altogether pleasing. Its harbor generally holds representatives of all the maritime nations of the world, and its vessels visit all ports. English interests predominate. In fact, Norway seems little more than an English province. English capital appears to have absorbed all enterprises of a paying character, such as railroads, factories, commercial lines, etc. It is a general pleasure-ground for England, and one meets parties of English tourists (who arrive by ship-loads) at every point, laden with an incredible number of hat-boxes, band-boxes, bonnet-boxes, huge walking-sticks—or, rather, clubs—and sometimes even bath-tubs, all classified under the general term "luggage." And one must confess that there is a great deal of lugging to be done.

From Bergen we made a week's tour of the fiords. By steamer to Oddie through the beautiful Hardanger fiord, thence by carriage passing the Laattifos, Espelandfos, and Skjaesdalfos (all of them, as their names indicate, being waterfalls), to Seljestad. From Oddie to Eide by steamer is a continuation of the same scenery along the fiords, grand and beautiful, with snow-capped peaks on either hand and innumerable streams falling in countless cascades to the waters below. From Eide through wild and romantic gorges to Vossvangen, where we remain for the night, and make an early start for Gutvangen via Stalheim. At the latter place the road descends one thousand feet in less than a mile by eighteen zig-zags across the head of the Naerodal. Through this narrow gorge with peaks on either hand rising 4,500 feet in perpendicular height, we drive to Gutvangen, at the head of the Naerod fiord. The scenery here is of the grandest and wildest description. We are surrounded on all sides by impassable snow-clad heights, without any apparent way of exit, and when we board the little steamer, it seems impossible to move a mile in any direction; but as we proceed, narrow channels appear between the towering peaks, and like a tiny insect the steamer threads her way through barriers that seem impassable, by narrow and intricate passages, disclosing at each turn new scenes of the same wild and imposing character. At Laerdalsorven, a rather desolate collection of houses situated on the terminal moraine of a former glacier, we remain for the night, and, returning to Vossvangen, take the railroad to Bergen—a road, the character of which may be imagined from the fact that though only sixty-seven miles long it runs through forty-eight tunnels. One's experience in riding over it is similar to that of a chipmunk in a stone fence—no sooner out of one hole than plunged into another. At Bergen we take the steamer *Olaf Kyrie* and proceed northward, now through fiords, anon among islands, again through the open sea, until we reach Trondjheim, where we spend a day at the hotel on shore, to permit the ship to be victualled and otherwise arranged for our eight days' Arctic cruise. Leaving Trondjheim on the evening of one day, passing Torghatten, a mountain with a natural tunnel entirely through it, visible from the ship, we cross the Arctic Circle at 10 p. m. of the next day at an immense rocky promontory called the "Veiled Horseman," from a fancied resemblance to that object. We are now in the land of continuous day. We are up and about the ship all night without knowing that it is night. The mind is bewildered by the new conditions; we seem to have entered a region where all our accepted ideas of natural law are at fault, night abolished, day eternal. The sun does not set nor rise, but sweeps round the heavens in an immense circle. Old things seem to have passed away and all things become new. The points of the compass, as heretofore recognized by the rising and setting of the sun, now fail us, and even the needle seems to wander promiscuously among the points, in the most unreliable manner.

Leaving the main land, we stand out to sea and reach the Lofoden Islands, a chain of naked, black mountain tops rising from the sea for hundreds of feet. Near the location of the fabled Maelstrom we enter the maze of channels between them, and again find ourselves navigating smooth waters among snow-covered peaks. Henningsvaer, a small fishing village, lies on a sheltered harbor surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains. Through the Raftsund we have the same grand scenery in its wildest aspect, peak rising above peak with intervening glaciers, from which the wind descends with a cutting character scarcely compatible with the accepted ideas of midsummer.

From Tromsø, situated on the main land, we ride out to a Lapp village, where we visit their encampment with about three hundred reindeer. They are a puny, diminutive people, the men seldom ranging over five feet, and the women much shorter, living in the most squalid manner in huts similar to the tepees of our American Indians. Their clothing seems to have been put on for life, and it is not difficult to imagine that it had never been off during that period, although a regard for truth compels me to say in their behalf, that during our stay one woman gave her infant a bath in the dinner-pot, and then proceeded to lace it up in a compact bundle, ready for hanging on a tree, or placing in a corner. Dogs and children were licking the same pot with the most charming equality and fraternity.

We left Tromsø at 5 p. m., July 3d, and as eight bells (midnight) announced the morning of the Fourth, our captain ordered the American flag hoisted, and fired a salute from the ship's guns, which echoed and re-echoed among the peaks of that desolate region; while the Americans cheered and marched the deck singing "The Star Spangled Banner," "America," etc. A few hours later, as we entered Hammerfest—our ship gayly decked with flags—the band of the German ship *Kaiser Wilhelm* struck up "Hail Columbia"—the familiar strains in that far distant land arousing a thousand memories of home and those we left behind us. At dinner we organized in the cabin, with Dr. Reeves Jackson, of Chicago, as chairman, and proceeded to celebrate the day in American style, Hammerfest being the most northerly civilized

settlement and post-office in the world, all were desirous of mailing letters from this point. Before leaving port a whaling steamer came in with a newly captured whale in tow. We took the ship's boats and had a close view of the prize, which was about fifty feet long. Leaving Hammerfest we proceeded northward toward the Cape. At 7 p. m. we passed the celebrated Gull Rocks, the breeding-place and general resort of countless flocks of these birds. A gun fired from the ship startled them from their resting-places, and I can compare the sight to nothing but a furious snow-storm, of which the gulls were the flakes. At 10 p. m. we reached the Cape amid rain, hail, and snow. The ship came to anchor in a small cove exposed to the long swells of the Arctic, which broke upon the rocks all around us, causing such a roll as sent chairs, stools, and other unsecured objects flying about the decks, and drove most of the passengers to their state-rooms. A few of us who were roll-proof hung on to the rails and indulged in fishing for cod, of which we caught a few.

Never shall we forget that Fourth of July night—when there was no night—only a gray daylight resembling a dark November day. The naked, black rock rising hundreds of feet above our heads, the roaring of the waves that thundered at its base, the rain, the hail, the snow, everything reeking with moisture and accompanied by a wind that penetrated all fabrics, every one wrapped in all the clothing at one's command, our seasick fellow-passengers—all presented a picture of misery and wretchedness not readily effaced. After a short stay anchor was weighed and the ship headed southward on our return. Gaining the smooth water behind the islands, the sick recovered, and matters generally were greatly mended.

Before we reached Hammerfest it cleared off, and proved one of the most beautiful of days. At 9 p. m., continuing our southward journey, we left Hammerfest, passing through the Lyngen fiord, a grand and gloomy passage between towering mountains, the gorges filled with glaciers from which the wind swept down, reminding us that it was not the July to which we had been accustomed. As we steamed out to the open sea the sky was cloudless, and at midnight the sun was shining with all the splendor of midday. Sweeping down toward the horizon and slowly rising again, he marked alike the end and the beginning of day; sunset and sunrise at the same moment of time, and that it was with no feeble, struggling ray was proved by the fact that with a glass holes were readily burned in hats, caps, wallets, postal-cards, etc., to be kept as souvenirs. The next day was also clear, and at midnight we were favored with another unclouded view of the sun as he illuminated the black crags of the Lofoden Islands, over which he hung before beginning his upward journey for the new day. We were in all, five nights within the Circle; on two of them the sun was slightly obscured by light clouds, casting the most beautiful imaginable hues over sea and mountain; two were cloudless, affording perfect views of his disk, and one was a striking specimen of what the weather in that latitude may be, even at midsummer.

At Trondjheim we left the *Olaf Kyrie*, parting with regret from Captain Getz and other officers of the ship, who had been indefatigable in their efforts to promote the comfort of the passengers.

I cannot refrain from alluding to the character of the roads throughout Norway: they are more like roads in a park than in a mountainous region—smooth, well guarded along precipices, they are marvels of engineering skill, and elicit the admiration of all who travel in that region.

The experiences of such a trip are peculiar, and not to be had in any other part of the world. To leave civilization behind, to cut loose from the ordinary methods of communication, to seem to leave behind the laws that govern nature; in fact, to seem to leave the planet itself, is an experience well worth the long journey it costs. In comparing the Norwegian with the Alaskan trip, I must say that, while the glaciers in the former are vast and imposing, none are for one moment to be compared to the Muir of Alaska, nor are there any mountains approaching the height of Mounts Fairweather, Crillon, or St. Elias. Should the Alaskan trip be extended to the true land of the midnight sun (within the Arctic Circle), it would therefore surpass (at least in the grandeur of the objects named) the now unsurpassed North Cape trip.

D. W. BAKER.

MR. ALEXANDER TAYLOR, JR.

WE present this week a portrait of Mr. Alexander Taylor, Jr., independent Republican candidate for Congress from the Fourteenth Congressional District, in Westchester County.

Few gentlemen are better known in the financial world and club life of New York than Mr. Taylor. Certainly none are more popular. To mention his name in either of these spheres of life is to meet with the response: "Oh, yes; I know Aleck Taylor;" and he can safely number his friends by the hundreds.

Mr. Taylor was born in New York on June 22d, 1848. He was educated at the Charlier Institute and the Churchill Military Academy. At the age of seventeen he entered his father's banking-house as a junior clerk. His natural aptitude for the banking business soon won for him a junior partnership under the firm name of Alexander Taylor & Sons. On the retirement of his father from business he formed the firm of Alexander Taylor & Sons, which became famous in Wall Street, and upon his retirement to private life a few years ago with an ample fortune, the firm was credited with doing the largest stock-brokerage business in the Street. Push and energy seem to be the fundamental

traits in Mr. Taylor's character. Whatever he touches seems to improve as if by magnetism. He has put life into and brought prosperity to organizations that he has joined when they seemed to be on their last legs. He founded the Gentleman's Driving Club, which owns Fleetwood Park; he is a member of the New York Yacht Club, and the American Jockey Club. The Country Club at Barston-on-the-Sound owes its existence and present success to him. He is a member of the Union League, the Larchmont and the Pelham Yacht Clubs, the Liederkrantz, and about fifteen other social organizations. He is a member of high standing in the Holland Lodge, F. and A. M., and last, but by no means least, a vestryman in St. Thomas's Church in Mamaroneck, the gift of Mr. James Constable, of Arnold, Constable & Co., built in memoriam of his wife.

Mr. Taylor has always been an active Republican. His first bid for public honors was about ten years ago, when he ran for Congress in the Twelfth, now the Fourteenth, Congressional District, when he was defeated by a very small majority. Since then he has been the thorn in the side of the machine politicians in Westchester County. This year he was given to understand that he would be the regular Republican nominee for the office, and in fact had every reason to expect it. But at the convention the machine, for some reason which "passeth all understanding," laid him aside and nominated another, Mr. J. V. Cockcroft, of Sing Sing. He, however, declined the honor, and then the Congressional Committee had but one duty to perform—nominate Mr. Taylor. This, however, they did not do, for fear, Mr. Taylor says, he might be elected, and they would lose the patronage unless they could trade with him, which being impossible, they nominated one of their own committee, Mr. J. Thomas Stearn, who was not even mentioned in the convention. This naturally put Mr. Taylor upon his mettle, and he determined to nominate himself, and give the independent voters of his district an opportunity to rid themselves of obnoxious rule.

For the past twenty-two years the Democrats have carried the Fourteenth Congressional District, but the Democrats do not control the district. Taylor is immensely popular alike with Democrats and Republicans, and there seems to be a strong disposition among them to embrace the opportunity which Mr. Taylor has given them to cast off the yoke which has so long



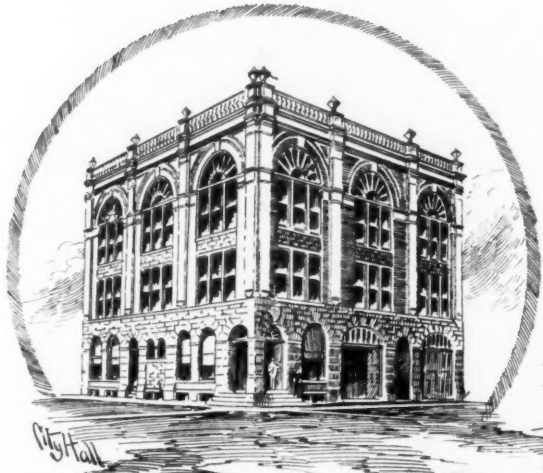
ALEXANDER TAYLOR, JR.

bound them to the machine. Certainly he is by education, and as an experienced judge of human nature, peculiarly qualified to aid in giving the people a good government. They can rely upon his giving his entire time to the office if elected; he will not become conspicuous by his absence from his duties as it is with the present incumbent of the office.

Republicans need have no fear of Mr. Taylor. He is a Republican, and that is sufficient. He is in the fight to stay, and we may hear the "dicky bird" whistle something very pleasant for him on the morning of November 5th.

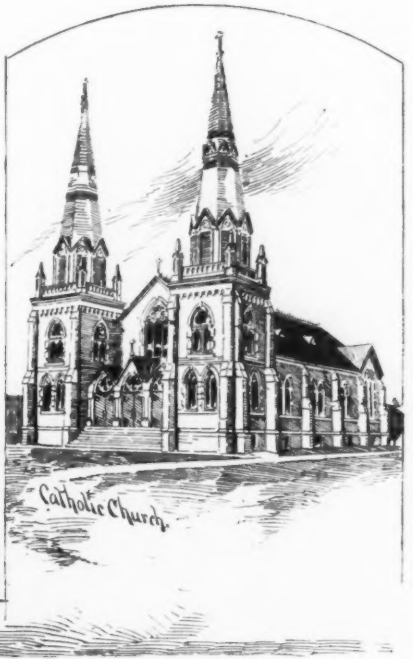
H. D. H.

THERE is a lively fight in progress in the Third Congressional District of Pennsylvania, which was for so many years honorably represented by the late Samuel J. Randall. The somewhat picturesque Richard Vaux, who was elected to fill the vacancy created by the death of Mr. Randall, was refused a renomination by the Democrats of the district, who gave their preference to a person apparently more nearly akin to the taste of the average partisan. The more respectable Democrats of the district bolted this nomination of the bosses, and have now placed Mr. Vaux in the field for re-election. The Republicans have decided to give their support to Mr. Vaux, and the result is that the district is now in danger of being dismembered by the violence of the conflict which is raging in the Democratic ranks.



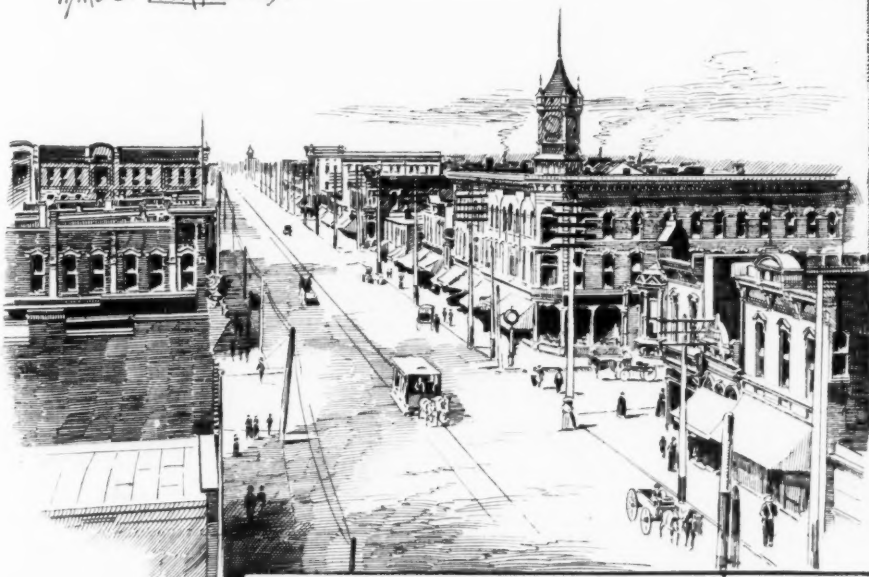
City Hall

South Side School.



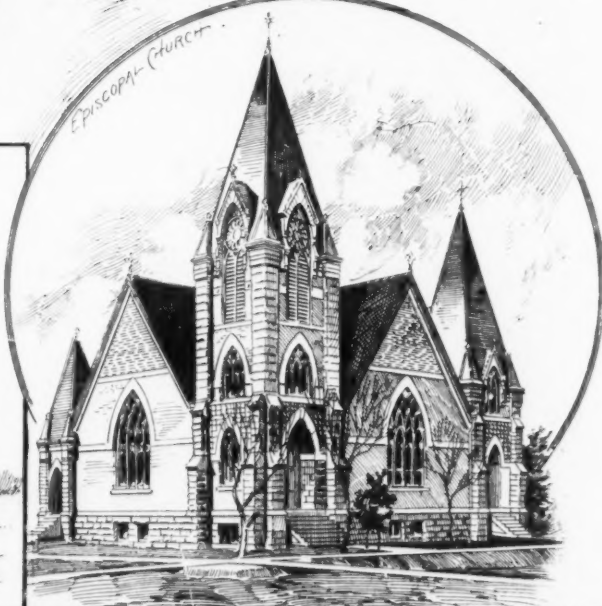
Catholic Church.

Third St Looking West



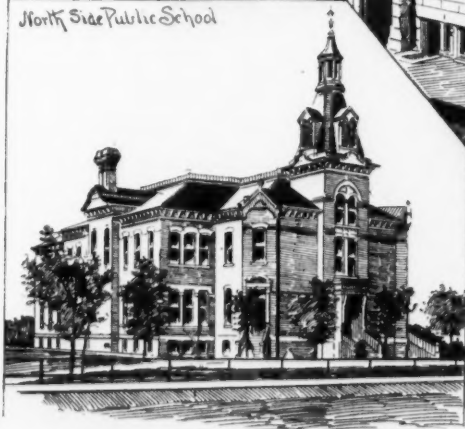
Sugar Palace

SECURITY NATIONAL BANK.



EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

North Side Public School



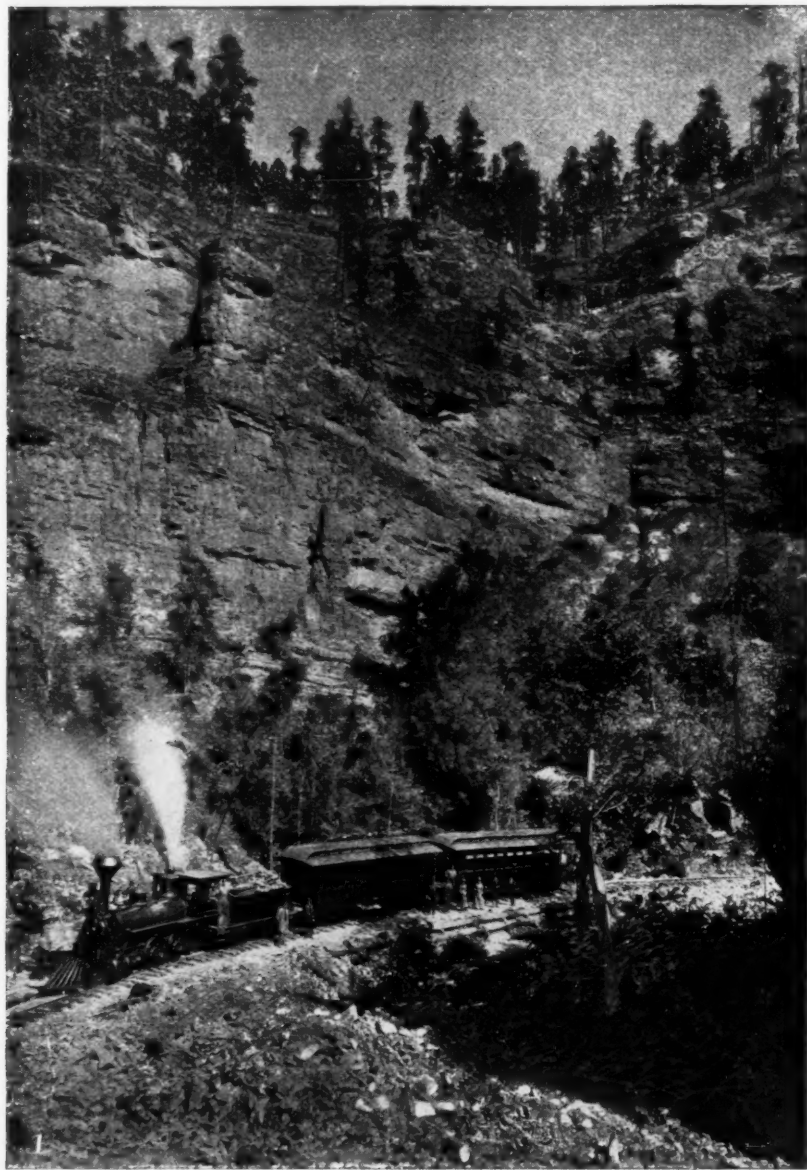
GRAPE Sugar Works



BLACK HILLS.

AN EL DORADO OF HEALTH, WEALTH, AND PICTURESQUE SCENERY.

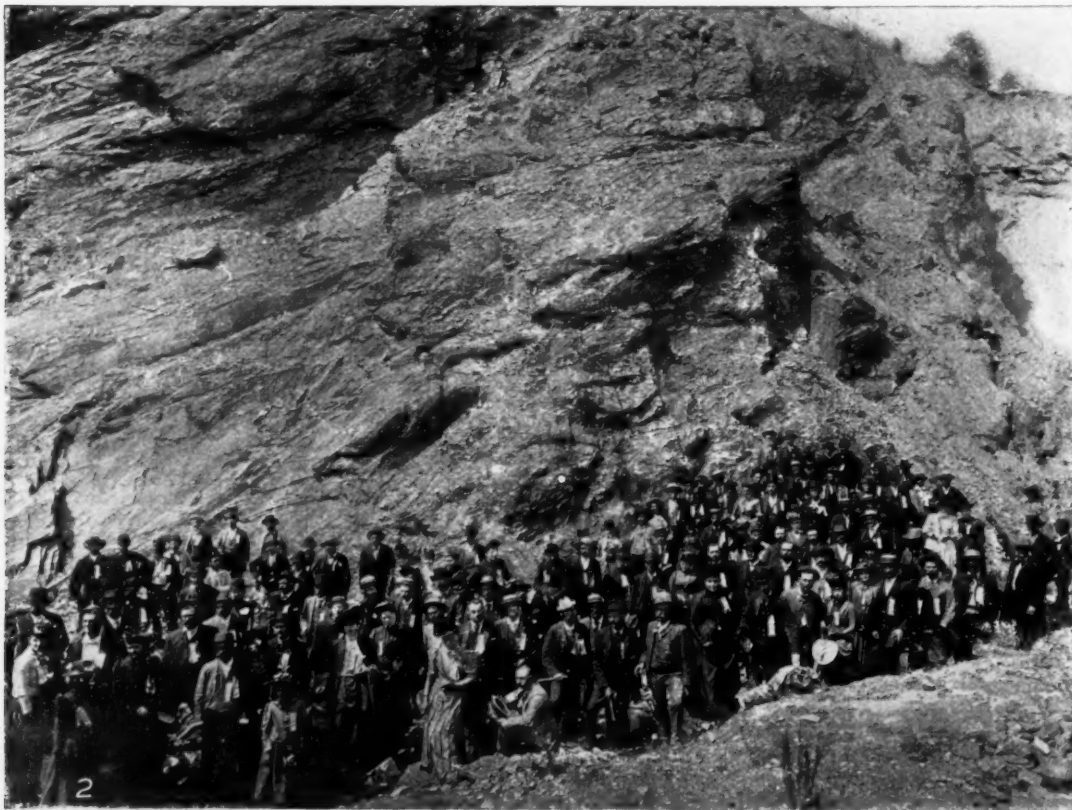
THE Black Hills of Dakota contain within their borders scenes of grandeur and magnificence which naturally attract visitors from every clime. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction, that there is as great a variety of scenery in the Black Hills as can be found in any other part of the country. There is no monotony here. So swift and so radical are the changes in the landscape, that appreciation never palls, and the eye never wearies. With almost kaleidoscopic rapidity one passes from rugged hills to quiet glens; from towering peaks to gentle plains; from cloud-capped mountains to darksome cañons and broad, sun-lit, verdant valleys. And all of this grand scenery is accessible. These mountains are full of resorts, and with each new year the great throng of tourists is headed more and yet more steadily and fixedly in this direction. The invalid may seek the invigorating atmosphere of the high plateaus and the pine-per-



fumed hills; the sportsman may pursue the chase in the mountain fastnesses, or angle for trout in the murmuring brook; while the lover of peaks and the adventurous climber may stretch his muscles and gratify his love of the picturesque by scaling Harvey Peak, Dodge's Peak, Terry, Custer,



Crow Peaks, Crook's Tower, Bear Butte, the Devil's Tower, or a battalion of other peaks that look down upon one from an altitude of 3,500 to 8,200 feet above the sea. Even the untutored savage gazed upon these lonely hills with superstitious reverence, and the white man, reared on the plains or bred in the city, looks upon them with wonder and regards them with awe. Stand on Terry's Peak, and he may gaze upon mountain and plain until the horizon draws that circle which limits human vision. Far below lie the green hills with their browsing herds, valleys with their meandering streams and fields of ripening grain; towns and villages, nestling among the peaks and foothills; lofty buttes a hundred miles away, and in the distance view the quartz-stained river, as it winds through plain and cañon to the sea. Let him look into yon mighty chasms, the battle-fields of nature, or down into the awful depths of Spearfish Cañon, where the wild torrent, hissing and foaming hundreds of feet below, chafes the rocky walls, and then plunges over the precipice—a beautiful, mist-clouded waterfall. The White Mountains of the East and the Rockies of the West have their attractions and number their devotees, but in coming years the nature-loving tourist, the lover of the truly wild and picturesque, the health-seeker, the rover the world over, will seek the pine-clad hills and tranquil glades of "Pa-ha-sappa"—the Black Hills—the "Garden of the Dakotas." As we said before, all this is accessible. The



1. "BLUFF," ELK CAÑON. 2. SOUTH DAKOTA PRESS ASSOCIATION VISIT "HOMESTEAD MINES," LEAD CITY. 3. "SIGNAL ROCK," ELK CAÑON. 4. "NEEDLE POINT," ELK CAÑON.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—VIEWS ON THE BLACK HILLS AND FORT PIERRE RAILROAD.

completion of the Black Hills and Fort Pierre Railroad from Piedmont to Lead City has added the connecting link to Black Hills travel. The traveler can take the Fremont and Elkhorn road from Omaha and come through direct in elegantly equipped coaches to Piedmont, the connecting point with the Black Hills and Fort Pierre Railroad, where he will board a Pullman palace-car and be whirled along the base of the mountain for a mile or so, when suddenly, without an intimation, the flying cars are inclosed between Elk Creek Cañon's walls of rock.

Winding and twisting, the road at every rod reveals to the traveler grander sights and more beautiful specimens of nature's architecture. Hugging, for a few hundred yards, the sides of a stupendous cliff, whose walls tower skyward until the lofty pines which adorn its summit have shrunk to pigny proportions, the train makes a dash across the cañon; passing beneath an overhanging ledge of rock and curving around a jutting point, a narrow part of the cañon is reached. On either side are reared precipitous walls of solid rock, and there seems to be scarce room enough for the cars to find a passage through. A moment later, widening out, the cañon is changed into a beautiful park, the green foliage of the pines contrasting with that of the deciduous trees, which autumn's touch has changed to flaming red or crimson, gold or yellow. Narrowing again, the beetling cliffs rise high above the car-tops, new beauties revealing themselves at every rod. Conversation is neglected; at every window is a face; the platforms, despite the fact that flying smoke and falling cinders render them uncomfortable, are filled with people eager to drink in the beauties of the scenes, of which but a fleeting glimpse is given as the cars rush on. Nature builds better and more beautiful than man, and really seems to have used her powers to paint and build with lavish hand in the country through which the Black Hills and Fort Pierre Railroad takes its way. The route traveled is one pleasing succession of surprises from the moment Piedmont is left until Lead City is reached. Lead City, with its mines and mills, will also be found an interesting place in which to spend a day or so. Good hotel accommodations can be had, and the tourist will find plenty that is new and novel to hold him in interest while he tarries there. Deadwood, Terraville, and Central have their attractions, too, and, taken together, a more pleasant trip, or one possessing greater interest cannot be taken. The accommodations on the narrow gauge are first-class in every respect, the road-bed smooth and well kept, and every precaution is being taken by the company to avert the possibility of accidents. When its beauties are known the Piedmont route will be the best traveled route in the Black Hills; picturesque and romantic, grand and majestic, the scenery along it cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world.

GRAND ISLAND, NEBRASKA.—A SUGAR PALACE EXPOSITION.

THE home industries of the United States is a subject of intense interest to all lovers of the country and its welfare. When Napoleon looked at France after the Revolution he saw the country full of resources, but without an instructor to teach the people to help themselves. He turned their attention to the cultivation of sugar beets for the manufacture of sugar; taxed imported sugar \$1.20 per pound, and France, with Germany and Russia, are the sugar manufacturers of Europe.

America spends annually \$100,000,000 for sugar. The sugar manufactured from beets imported by the United States amounts to 243,000,000 pounds annually. Numerous experiments have been made by scientists to test the soil of our country to see if it can grow beet-roots that will yield saccharine matter for sugar

manufacture. California and the great West have been tried, and Nebraska was selected as furnishing the soil best adapted for the root production. In three hundred and fifty tests made in the years 1887-9, the average saccharine matter reached as high as sixteen and eighteen per cent. as against thirteen and fifteen per cent. in Europe at the same time. Noting the very flattering results of the tests, Mr. H. T. Oxnard, of New York, in connection with prominent residents of the city of Grand Island, have formed a company with a capital of \$1,000,000, built a beet-sugar manufactory and refinery, with a plant worth \$500,000, having a capacity of 200 barrels daily output and employing 2,000 men. This grand factory commenced operation the latter part of August, and from September 1st to the 19th the city celebrated the occasion of the opening and starting of this important industry, with a grand Sugar Palace Exposition. An artistic palace building 200 x 200 feet, with a tower 150 feet high, situated close to the depots of the Union Pacific and B. and M. railways, was erected.

The exposition included an excellent special display of the products of sugar beets made into sugar, practically illustrating the various processes of the same, from the root in the ground to its transformation into granulated sugar. Competent attendants explained all the interesting particulars of the system, and it was a rare and instructive sight to those who were so fortunate as to secure an entrance to the building, as only those possessing a special pass were permitted to explore and admire the interior of the Oxnard beet-sugar manufactory.

The exposition included also a State cereal exhibition, as well as an exhibition of all agricultural productions, with many and varied attractions, and the Sugar Palace Exposition of Grand Island, Neb., is one of the leading interesting landmarks in the progress of our country for the year 1890. Special railway rates were made for visitors from all parts of the country, and from the great interest manifested in the establishment of this home industry, it is evident that sugar from the American beet is destined to become very popular, and in the near future assume immense proportions. All information can be obtained from C. W. Scarff, Manager, or J. P. Kernohan, Secretary, or by procuring a copy of "The Grand Island Beet Sugar Enterprise."

MR. C. K. BRENNEMAN.

MR. CASSIUS K. BRENNEMAN, a leading and successful lawyer of Texas, whose portrait appears on this page, was born in Camargo, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, September 4th, 1847, his ancestors on both sides having been among the first Swiss settlers in that famous county. They purchased land from William Penn, and located upon it in 1687, and it is an interesting fact that the identical land is owned and occupied by their direct descendants to the present time—upward of two hundred years; something unusual in this country.

Mr. Breneman's father removed with his family from Lancaster County to Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1860, in which city and at Cambridge the subject of this sketch was educated. He then entered upon the study of the law, and was graduated from the law school of Harvard University, Class of 1869, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He is one of the vice-presidents of the Harvard Law School Association. He at once began the practice of law in Cincinnati, and continued it there until 1873, when he removed to San Antonio, Texas, where he has since lived. He is identified in many ways with the material growth and prosperity of that Texas metropolis, being one of the most progressive of the many active, able men there. In his hospi-

table and attractive home Mr. Breneman finds infinite delight, and dispenses there a princely hospitality.

Mr. Breneman, although in full practice, has of late years engaged in real estate operations, handling on his own account and for others many large and valuable tracts of land, and investing



TEXAS.—C. K. BRENNEMAN, A LEADING LAWYER OF SAN ANTONIO.

foreign capital in city, suburban, and ranch properties. His thorough knowledge of all that pertains to real estate in west Texas, combined with his quick perception, close application to business, and untiring energy, cause him to be sought, and his judgment to be relied upon in anything pertaining to investments in real estate in that section of the State.

THE MONTAUK CLUB, BROOKLYN.

WE give on this page an illustration of the new club-house of the Montauk Club of Brooklyn, which in a very short time has become one of the representative social clubs of that city. The building is located on one of the highest points of Prospect Heights, and is in every respect admirably adapted to the uses to which it is to be put. It is four stories high, with basement, and is constructed in the richest style of Venetian architecture. The first floor has a reception-room, library, and reading-room, a café and morning-room, all reached from the main hall and communicating. On the second floor are the billiard and card rooms, together with the directors' room; while on the third is the main dining-room, the ladies' dining-room, and the ladies' parlor. This provision for ladies is a new and promises to be a very popular

feature. The ladies' entrance connects with all the rooms directly, both by staircase and elevator, without passing through any of the halls of the club proper. It is the purpose of the members of the club that their wives and daughters shall share with them all the enjoyments and pleasures which membership in the Montauk is expected to afford, and in this respect they set a very proper and commendable example. The dining-rooms can be thrown together and tables extended the full length of the room and across the plaza end, when two hundred can be comfortably entertained. On the fourth floor are sleeping apartments with bath and toilet rooms. Entirely cut off by fire-proof partitions from other rooms on this floor is the kitchen, which, with its storage and cool rooms, is in communication by means of dummy waiters with the serving-rooms on the floor below. On the upper floor, in the roof, are the laundry and steward's quarters.

A grand balcony will extend around the building at the fourth story level, and underneath this will be the frieze, two and a half feet in width, consisting of a panorama in red and yellow terra-cotta, illustrative of the progress of American civilization.

It is the opinion of all who have inspected the new building and examined its interior, that the building committee is entitled to the very heartiest praise for the excellent taste and good judgment which have been displayed in all the arrangements. This committee is composed of J. Rogers Maxwell, Chairman, Leonard Moody, Edward I. Horsman, Rufus T. Griggs, and Albro J. Newton. We hazard nothing in predicting that the Montauk Club will become a most influential factor in the social life of our sister city.



THE MONTAUK CLUB-HOUSE, PROSPECT HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN.

CAMP DOUGLAS.

IN this issue we give views of Camp Douglas, Wis., to which the National Guard of the State go for their annual encampment. It was at this camp, and at the rifle-pits located here, that the competitive drills in long-range shooting by soldiers and officers of the Regular Army, of the Department of the Missouri, were held, September, 1889. The State has purchased four hundred and forty acres of land here, and is annually making valuable improvements. The rifle-pits are probably the finest in the United States. They are just in front of high bluffs, making acci-



MAIN STREET, FROM CITY HALL, RACINE, WIS.

dents impossible, and the range itself is a beautiful plateau, affording ample room for skirmish drill; and it was for these latter reasons that the place was selected by the United States Government last year. Governor Hoard, of Wisconsin, is taking great interest in the State camp, and is being ably assisted by Adjutant-General Burchard.

Captain Philip Reade, of the United States Army, who is inspector of small arms and practice for the Department of the Missouri, has also taken great interest in these grounds, and it

indeed all the business buildings, which gives this city a fine appearance. Janesville is provided with street cars, electric and gas lights, and an exceptionally fine system of water-works. The citizens are active, pushing, and energetic, and always awake to the interests of Janesville. The Business Men's Association has done a great deal for the city in securing manufacturing enterprises, and is at all times open for proposals to promote manufacturing industries in the city. Its secretary, Mr. C. E. Bowles, is a progressive gentleman, and will cheerfully respond to all inquiries.

THE CITY OF BELOIT.

THIS city is the second in importance in Rock County, and, like Janesville, is situated on the picturesque Rock River. It has about eight thousand inhabitants, and is a city of culture and refinement. The number of its beautiful homes is large for a place of its size. This is the home of Beloit College, one of the leading educational institutions in the West, and ranking with older institutions in point of scholarship. This college has recently secured an additional endowment of \$200,000.

Beloit is quite a manufacturing point, utilizing in a great measure Rock River, which, with a four-foot head, gives power equal to eight hundred horse. The buildings of Beloit, as of Janesville, are of stone and brick. It also has electric and gas lights, and a fine system of water-works. The business men are wide-awake and looking out for Beloit's interest, as is indicated

Milwaukee Street
Janesville Wis

and St. Paul being the most important. The city is supplied with an abundance of pure water, the water-works system being excellent in all respects, as are the gas and electric-lighting plants.

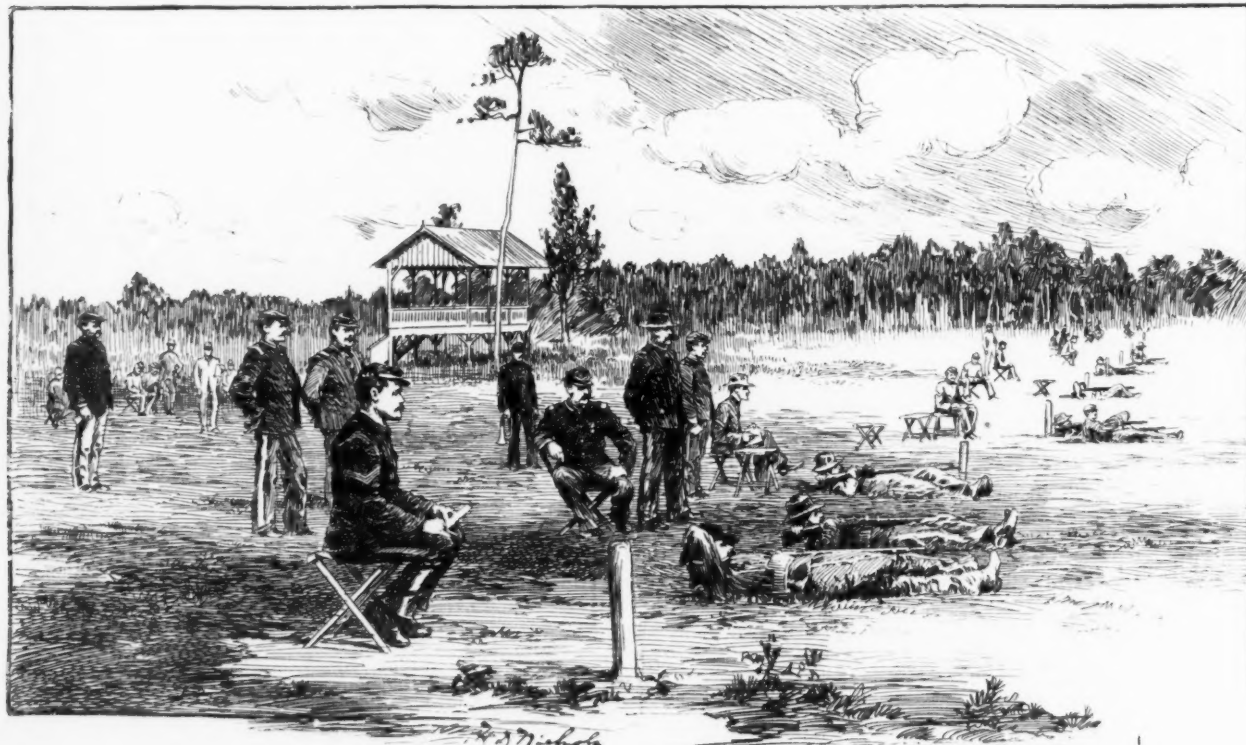
The roads have discarded the mules that were used for motive power on the street railways, and now use electricity with great success. Eau Claire has churches of the different denominations, all owning handsome buildings.

The Young Men's Christian Association have pleasant rooms here, as has the public library. This city is far ahead of many larger places in the number of handsome residences, which give the streets a handsome appearance and make this city a desirable place of residence. An excellent school system of a high grade is also among its attractions, and is a just source of pride to the citizens.

THE CITY OF RACINE.

THE city of Racine is situated on the west shore of Lake Michigan, some twenty-five miles southeast of Milwaukee, and sixty-two miles north of Chicago. It has one of the best harbors on the lake, and is in every respect an enterprising and growing city. It is handsomely laid out, with wide streets crossing at right angles, and among its public buildings are a court-house, a hospital, an orphan asylum, post-office, and the buildings of the University of the West and Northwest, formerly known as Racine College. It has large manufacturing interests, among which are extensive threshing-machine works, woolen mills, wagon factories, flanning mills, tanneries, linseed-oil works, pump factories, glove and mitten factories, and manufactories of flax, etc. Its banking facilities are large, and its educational advantages are unsurpassed west of Lake Michigan; besides the university, there

are St. Catharine's Academy, the McMynn Academy, and the McMurphy Home School. The public schools are graded, and have a high reputation for excellence. The system includes a high school, grammar, intermediate, and primary schools. The city has daily steamer communication with Chicago and Milwaukee, while its railway facilities are excellent, lying as it does, on the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. It is one of the most important shipping and industrial points in the State. Its population, which in 1850 was only five thousand, has steadily grown with each passing year. It is surrounded by a fine agricultural country, and its site and natural advantages make it certain that it must



CAMP DOUGLAS, WISCONSIN.—PHOTO BY SPENCER, OF CHICAGO.

was largely through his efforts that the Legislature made the necessary appropriations to purchase and make the improvements for the camp.

Many interesting and important meetings have been held by the military here, and so popular has Camp Douglas become, that it is entitled to be known as the Creedmoor of the Northwest.

JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN.

THIS city is the county seat of Rock County, and has some 13,000 inhabitants. It is beautifully situated on the rounding bluffs of Rock River, with the native giants of the forest lining the streets and shading the homes of the citizens. It is

by the fact that during the past year they raised \$30,000 to assist three different enterprises. Rock County is traversed by that enterprising and aggressive railroad system, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, together with other roads, Chicago and Milwaukee both being about three hours' ride from Beloit.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

AT this place one begins to realize that he is near the great lumber camps, especially if he visits the city during the winter. He will notice on the streets, the "loggers" dressed in their heavy woollens of bright colors; he will see the oxen used for hauling the logs to the river edge; the saw and milling ma-

Beloit College Buildings
Wisconsin

ninety miles from Chicago, and about the same from Milwaukee. Rock River is used very largely for motive power by a number of manufacturing establishments. These factories and mills are large, substantial buildings, constructed of brick or stone, as are

chinery; and other articles used in this great industry. Eau Claire has about twenty-five thousand population, and is one of the most enterprising cities in the State. It is quite a manufacturing centre, having several railroads, the Chicago, Milwaukee



Eau Claire, Wisconsin

continue to grow with even greater rapidity, both in population and in the elements of wealth, in years to come than it has done in the last decade. We give an illustration of the main street of the town.

EXAMPLES OF TEXAS
PROGRESS.

SAN ANTONIO.

NO visitor to Texas can escape the attractions of San Antonio. He hears of them wherever he goes, and finds in its historic associations, as well as in its wondrous enterprise and growth, both pleasure and profit. The recent census shows it to be the largest city in Texas, with a growth during the past few years that was simply marvelous. The march of improvement is visible everywhere throughout San Antonio. New pavements are being laid, sewers put in, street-car lines built, magnificent additions laid out, and there is a hum of business that betokens unwonted prosperity. For many years the soft, delightful winter climate of San Antonio has attracted thousands of visitors, and more than ever before it is now becoming a winter resort for invalids. As a natural railroad centre it has invited business and manufacturing enterprises from all directions. Its large wholesale and retail establishments are patronized throughout Texas and the adjoining Republic of Mexico. Being the headquarters of the military department of the State, it also naturally is a social centre, and thus San Antonio combines attractions that are bound to continue its growth and insure its prosperity. The tributary territory about the city is largely making it the centre of the live-stock, woolen, cotton, and other trades, and its banking facilities are said to be the best of any city of its size in the Union. Its growth is revealed by the constant increase in its bank clearings, and by the constant and steady appreciation of real estate during a series of years.

LAREDO, THE GATE CITY.

The development of Laredo, in the south of Texas, has been one of the surprising manifestations of enterprise in the State. It has rivaled the other cities of phenomenal growth. This has been the more surprising because, less than a decade ago, Laredo was considered nothing more than a Mexican settlement. Enterprise, energy, and capital have all been requisite for its development. The fact that Laredo was made the gateway to Mexico for a great amount of travel gave a decided impetus to the place. Here the Rio Grande is spanned by several bridges. Four railroads bring in visitors, business men, and vast quantities of produce day by day. A complete transformation has been wrought. The adobe has given way before the brick, marble, and free-stone palaces. Large enterprises have sprung up: large business houses and manufactories have been successfully started. Street-car lines run to adjacent additions. Just as soon as Laredo's possibilities were understood the population began to steadily increase. Those who came were delighted with the opportunities for investment. Laredo to-day offers as many advantages as any other city in the country for those who have capital, and those who seek homes, or a place where a restful, delightful climate is assured. A recent movement for the irrigation of vast stretches of fertile land by taking the water from the Rio Grande promises to make this section of the country a rival to California as a fruit-producing region. Thousands of acres have been purchased near the city of late, and these are rapidly being brought under cultivation, in addition to an enormous area already sending in its supplies of fruit, vegetables, cotton, and other products. Those who seek a healthful, growing, prosperous city, where manufacturers have special facilities and are offered special opportunities, should not overlook Laredo. Everything that the population of Mexico requires can be produced or manufactured about Laredo, and this market alone gives an assurance of profitable investment in numerous directions.

WALL STREET.—CONTAGIOUS
DISQUIET.

LIKE a contagious disease among people, so is disquiet among financiers. When the London market becomes excited, we feel the excitement here; when it is depressed, Wall Street feels the depression. When liquidation in London begins, Wall Street liquidates.

The uneasy feeling during the past few weeks among our brokers and financiers is but a reflex of the uneasiness felt in London, in Paris, and in Berlin. Rates of money in foreign centres of finance have been unusually high, and speculation has been depressed by the troubles in which numerous South African land schemes and South American speculations have suddenly found themselves and which have brought heavy losses to English speculators and investors. Hence the reaction was felt also in American securities. Coming as this did, at a time when the home market was upset, it lent the appearance of a panic to things and, for a while, made our bankers and brokers very uncomfortable.

I have thought that money might continue to be tight in New York during the balance of the year, but something—perhaps a good deal—depends upon the volume of our exports. They have been very large recently and if they expand to extraordinary proportions we shall begin to import gold; and yet the Bank of England is bound to resist any loss of gold to the last, for its own reserves are drawn down to an exceedingly low percentage.

At all events, the recent liquidation has revealed the weak spots in the market. Louisville and Nashville is one. On the 15th of February last, I said that "the Louisville and Nashville's announcement of an increased issue of stock to the amount of \$13,000,000 has inspired manipulation from the inside, which held the stock up to 85." I added:

"Of course I need only call attention to the simple fact that the addition of this large amount of stock does not enhance the value of the present shares, but, on the contrary, diminishes that value. It means just so much more stock upon which dividends must be paid. I advise my readers, if they want to buy stock at 85, to buy something that is worth keeping. There are several bonds on the market to-day paying four per cent. and five per cent. and selling at less than 90, and they are infinitely preferable to Louisville and Nashville at that price, and even at 50, because they take precedence over all stocks that stand behind them."

Since this was written, Louisville and Nashville has gone down into the 70's. This certainly justifies my prediction that there is little stability about it. Those who have watched its erratic course will keep away from it for all purposes except speculation. As an investment it has no charms.

Sugar Trust has had another decline, preceding the granting of an injunction by a Brooklyn judge restraining further steps in the proposed reorganization scheme. I presume that the insiders who had knowledge of the event reaped another rich harvest. Money has been made by speculation in Sugar Trust, but, unfortunately, more has been lost. The makings, moreover, have been almost entirely by the insiders, and yet there is still wool upon the fleeced lambs of Wall Street.

A correspondent at Chicago wants to know whether I think Western Union is cheap at present prices. It is cheap so long as it pays its dividends, and its last report shows a handsome increase of profits. It has been "beared" largely on account of the proposition of Mr. Wanamaker to start a postal-telegraph scheme.

A Detroit correspondent asks whether the rise in Pullman was based on the recent patent decision regarding the vestibule arrangement. I understand that it was, and also on the proposition to increase the stock. A man with a good profit in Pullman or any other stock is always safe in taking it. When Pullman was at 220 I gave the same advice that I give now, when it is at 212.

A correspondent at Boston wants to know if the opposition to the Illinois Central management has given way in view of the re-election of the old officers. I understand not. The minority stockholders are determined to overhaul the books. If they keep up their opposition Illinois Central will be a good thing to leave alone for some time to come.

It may not be generally known that there is law making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment to circulate rumors calculated to injure the stock market, or, rather, to depress the value of securities. It was under the provisions of this act that Mr. S. V. White recently caused the arrest of a Wall Street money-lender who was charged with circulating preposterous rumors calculated to depress the value of Delaware, Lackawanna and Western stock. It has been a source of wonder to me why similar prosecutions have not been started before. Perhaps it was because some big bears on the Street were involved. The arrest of one of them would have been a lesson to the circulators of false rumors and the bearers of false testimony. I trust that the warfare against these stock raiders will continue.

A correspondent at Omaha asks for information in reference to Shenandoah, Va., a town recently laid out, regarding which some facts were given in a previous issue of this paper. He wants to know if lots can be purchased there at present. In reply I will say that the first sale of lots at Shenandoah took place October 8th, and was an amazing success. I presume my correspondent can find plenty of opportunities for investment in that rapidly developing city.

As I predicted two months ago, the rise in the Distilling and Cattle Company's stock was due to a proposed increase of monthly dividends. The increase is now announced as payable November 1st. It makes the stock pay four and one-half per cent. per annum, and as it sells at less than 50, it pays over nine per cent. interest. I do not see why speculation does not run more to low-priced dividend-payers than to purely speculative issues like Erie common, which has had no prospect of dividends in the past, and has none in the future.

Jasper

AN ENTERING WEDGE.

The Messrs. VAN HOUTEN have put an entering wedge into unhealthy domestic economy, by advertising a pure, soluble cocoa, as a substitute for tea and coffee. As inventors and original patentees of cocoa, the VAN HOUTEN's have introduced it so thoroughly all over Europe that "VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA" has become a household word. The end of the wedge which has been inserted here is fast making way for the "leading Cocoa of America."

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA,

"Best & Goes Farthest."

A LEVEL HEAD

THE ADVANTAGE OF PRESENCE OF MIND IN
AN EMERGENCY.

DURING the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they were not called out.

In an interview, Governor Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarked that this was the first great strike with which he had had experience, and he did not propose to lose his head; the only point at which there had then been serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputy-sheriff had lost his head and precipitated an encounter.

The strike continued several weeks, and there was riotous action at various points along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the militia.

The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion. The man who retains his presence of mind, maintains his equipoise, and exercises sound discretion at such critical junctures is to be relied on and will be put to the front.

Men with level heads have the staying qualities which do not falter in the face of danger. Otis A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the fall of 1888 I was feeling very ill. I consulted a doctor and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys, and that he would not stand in my shoes for the State of Ohio." But he did not lose courage or give up; he says: "I saw the testimonial of Mr. John Coleman, 100 Gregory Street, New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due time I received an answer, stating that the testimonial that he gave was genuine and not overdrawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for one year."

Governor Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating, and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

A STATISTICIAN figures out that the cosmetics used by the women of this country cost \$60,000,000. Beauty comes high, but we must have it. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

AN exchange says there are 250,000 women married annually in London. The average Seattle woman thinks herself lucky if she is married four times in a lifetime. —Seattle Press.

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Constable & Co.

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SACQUES.Gray, Blue and Black Fox,
BLUE AND BLACK LYNX,
Natural Beaver and Mink

CAPES, MUFFS

—AND—
TRIMMING FURS.

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CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rust, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmonious we taste it to be sure it is properly made. I repeat no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Saver said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all Drug, Glass and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada and Europe.

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FUN.

WHEN a man bolts his food he swallows it. When a man bolts a nomination he bolts it because he can't swallow it. Queer.—*Cape Cod Item.*

It is said that Brussels carpets are going up. This is odd, as they are manufactured for the express purpose of going down.—*Baltimore American.*

BOOK AGENT—"I have here just the kind of work you want."—*Chippie*—"But, my dear fellow, I don't want work of any kind."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"So you didn't marry Miss Jenks, the heiress, after all. Was it your own doing?" "Entirely my own." "How was it, anyhow?" "Well you see, I took no for an answer."—*Binghamton Leader.*

AN Atlanta young man, who has an original and picturesque way of putting things, speaking of a joke which he heard a minstrel man get off, said: "It fell so flat upon the audience that you could cut your name in the silence."—*Atlanta Journal.*

THE Pennsylvania citizen ought to be an inordinately proud individual when he comes to consider the vast wealth which lies buried in the hills of that State, added to the wonderfully beautiful natural scenery it contains. In a four or five hours' ride a New York pleasure-seeker can, by taking one of the Lehigh Valley Railway express trains, see more natural beauty and pass through a richer section of country (in so short a time) than is contained, we believe, in any other State in the Union. In the time specified the excursionist will have passed directly across the State of New Jersey, level almost as a billiard-board, and have traversed first the slate and iron regions and then the great coal fields of Pennsylvania, will have whisked by Mauch Chunk, Glen Onoko, and Glen Summit, the beauties of which are world-wide, will have climbed the mountains at a grade of seventy-nine feet to the mile, and in turn descended into the historic Wyoming valley as far as Wilkesbarre. In his journey through this rolling country and over the mountains his eyes at the present time will see how marvelously beautiful nature can deck itself in colors. The foliage on these mountains now is brilliant in the extreme, and in the clear autumn air presents a picture that no artist's brush is able to faithfully reproduce.

TO BE HAPPY, PLAY HALMA.

HALMA, the popular game, is for sale everywhere, or will be sent free to any address on receipt of one dollar. E. I. HORSMAN, 80 and 82 William Street, New York.

FOR bruises, sprains, and scalds, nothing equals Salivation Oil, the pain-eradicator, 25c. Easy to take and swift to cure—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Sold by all druggists for 25c.

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"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cents a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



Some Children Growing Too Fast become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND
HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Avoid substitutions offered.

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Laredo is becoming a most important manufacturing point, having the following industries already located and in operation: Woolen Mill, Wool Scouring Mill, Tannery, Boot and Shoe Factory, Ore Concentrating Works, Ore Sampling Works, Cotton Gin and Milling Works, Mineral Water Bottling Works, four Ice Factories, General Car and Machine Shops of the Mexican National Railroad, the largest west of the Mississippi, three large Brick Yards and several smaller establishments; a large Cotton Factory is now being erected by a New England syndicate.

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The city is well supplied with railroad facilities and hotel accommodations, has Holly system of water works, two electric light companies and one of the best equipped electric motor street railways in the U. S.

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1886, 3,000. 1888, 6,000. 1888, \$3,000,000.
1890, 12,000. 1890, \$10,542,000

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MR. MANSFIELD desires further to order now the very

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With MR. MANSFIELD's compliments and best

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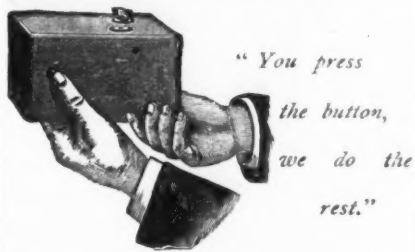
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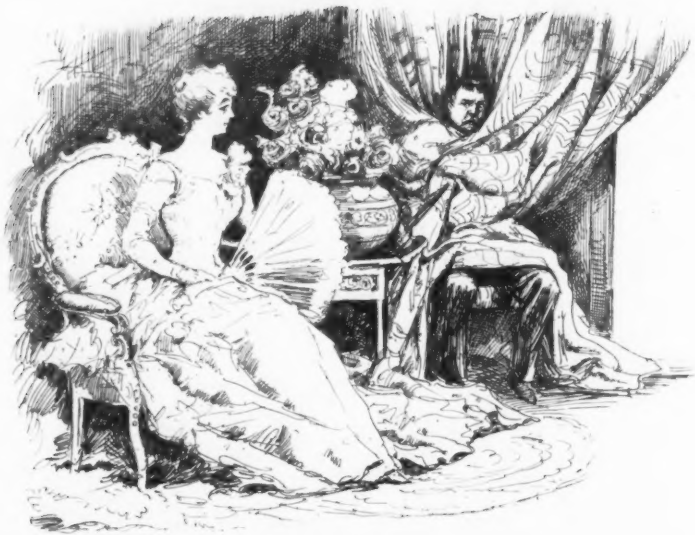
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